

NOVEMBER

# BLUE BOLT

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VOL. 6 N° 5



JIM WILCOX





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# DICK COLE



JIM WILCOX

OUR STORY OPENS IN A FOURTH FORM ROOM AT FARR MILITARY ACADEMY OCCUPIED BY 'WHITEY' GREEN, 'RED' STOREY AND 'PINK' JAMESON. IT IS JUST BEFORE TAPS, AND A SERIOUS DISCUSSION IS BEING HELD BY THE THREE YOUNG CADETS...

WHY DON'T FOOTBALL MEN SMOKE WHEN THEY'RE IN TRAINING, RED?

ALL THE FELLOWS ON THE SCHOOL TEAMS OBEY THE RULE AND DON'T SMOKE, RED.

YOU GUYS ARE GOOFY! SMOKIN' NEVER HURT ANY GUY, UNLESS HE'S A SISSY!



WHITEY, THAT RULE IS JUST TO IMPRESS THE YOUNG KIDS. SIMBA, BULL MAXON AND SLIP'RY SNEAK SMOKE. THEY'RE GOOD ATHLETES! AND SO DOES BARK HALL! IT DOESN'T HURT HIM, AND HE'S THE BEST ATHLETE IN SCHOOL!

HE IS NOT! DICK COLE'S THE BEST! DICK COLE DOESN'T SMOKE!

NO, PINK, HE WOULDN'T! HE'S SCARED TO, THAT'S WHY! HE'S SCARED OF HIS PRECIOUS REPUTATION! ANYHOW HE'S NOT IN BARK HALL'S CLASS BY A MILE!



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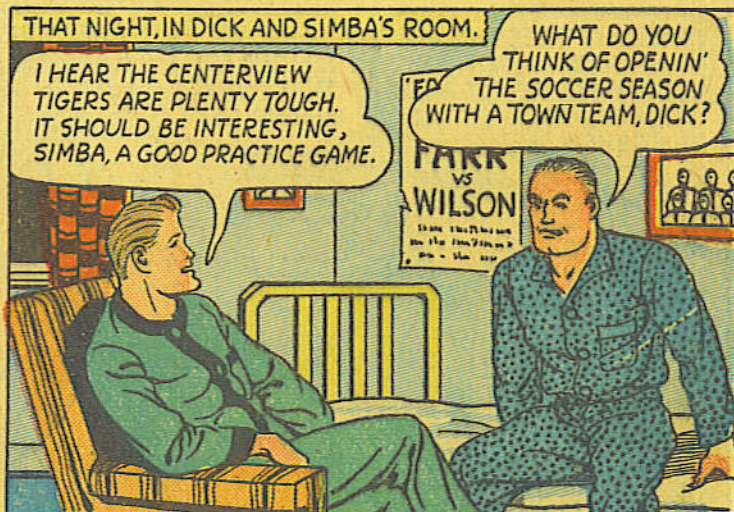
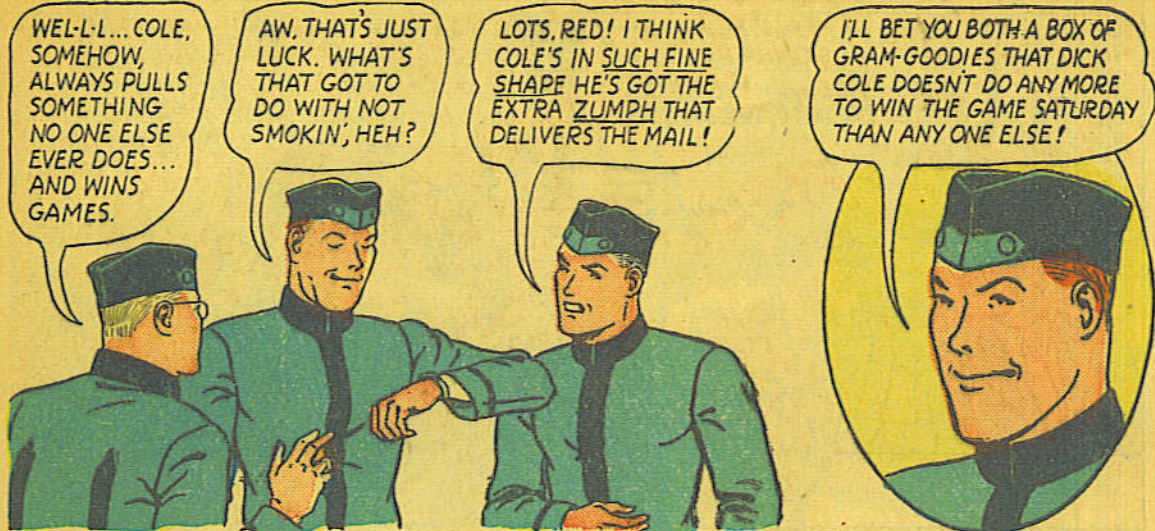
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BLUE BOLT, Vol. 6, No. 5, November, 1945, published monthly, except bi-monthly, June-July and December-January, by Novelty Press Division of The Premium Service Co. Inc., P. O. Box 1198, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa., editorial office, 119 West 19th Street, New York 11, N. Y. Printed in U. S. A., copyright, 1945, by The Premium Service Co. Inc. Price 10 cents per copy. Subscription price \$2.00 per year in U. S. A. Entered as Second-Class matter, March 20, 1940, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pa., under Act of March 3, 1879. No living person named or delineated in this magazine except historical personages.













BOY! WE JUST MADE IT! I'LL BET THE BOYS BACK OF THIS PLAY ARE GETTIN' NERVOUS!

YEAH, BUT GETTIN' TO CENTERVIEW THIS LATE, WE WON'T HAVE TIME TO PRACTICE WITH THE TIGERS BEFORE THE GAME THIS AFTERNOON.

HO! WE DON'T NEED NO PRACTICE TO BEAT THEM TIN-SOLDIERS AT FARR.

HECK, NO! WE'LL JUST TEACH 'EM WHAT THE 'SOC' IN SOCCER IS. WE'LL EARN OUR PAY WITHOUT GETTIN' UP A SWEAT!



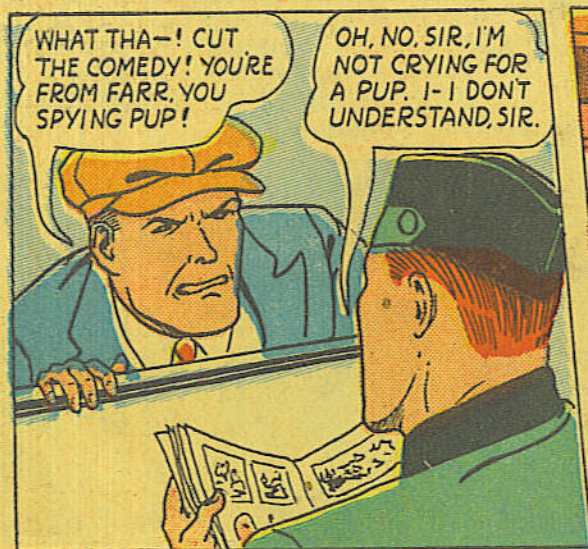
SOMETIMES THESE KIDS ARE TOUGH, SO, DON'T GET TOO COCKY, BOYS. WE GOT TO WIN ... SEVERAL GRAND BET ON THIS GAME!

SH-H-H, NOT SO LOUD, ED! THAT PUNK... BEHIND US?



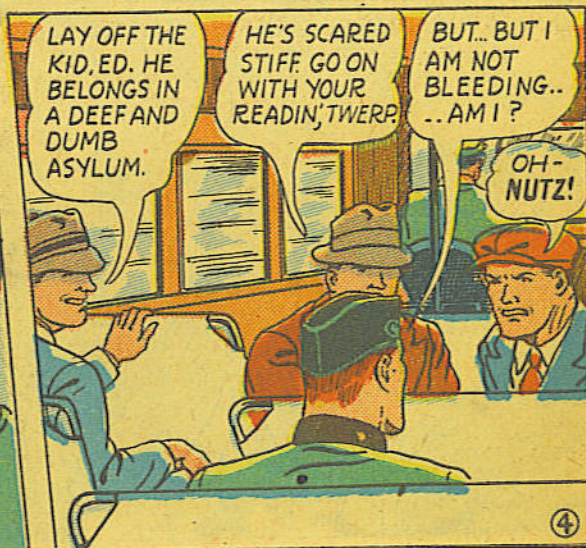
HEY, YOU! WHY ARE YOU LISTENING TO US?!

UH... EH... SIR? OH, YES, IT IS A VERY NICE BUS.



WHAT THA-! CUT THE COMEDY! YOU'RE FROM FARR, YOU SPYING PUP!

OH, NO, SIR, I'M NOT CRYING FOR A PUP. I-I DON'T UNDERSTAND, SIR.



LAY OFF THE KID, ED. HE BELONGS IN A DEEF AND DUMB ASYLUM.

HE'S SCARED STIFF GO ON WITH YOUR READIN', TWERP.

BUT... BUT I AM NOT BLEEDING... AM I?

OH-NUTZ!



RED DISCHARGES HIS ERRAND AND CATCHES THE NEXT BUS  
BACK TO FARR—

THE CENTVIEW TIGERS HAVE HIRED  
THOSE GUYS I CAME OVER WITH, FOR THE FARR  
GAME. WHY, THAT MAKES 'EM PROS! GOSH, I  
BETTER TELL THE COACH ABOUT THIS!

BUT...IT'S ONLY A TOWN TEAM, SO,  
WHAT'S THE DIFF?...WOW! WHEN  
THOSE BABIES MEET MISTER  
COLE, THEY'LL SURE SMOKE HIM!  
NO, SIR, I'M KEEPIN' MUM, 'CAUSE  
THIS IS GONNA BE GOOD!



1:30 P.M. SATURDAY. THE CENTVIEW TIGERS ARRIVE AT FARR M.A.

I'M COACH BRADLY. THESE ARE TOWN  
BOYS, I PRESUME, CAPTAIN HELLER?

SURE THING! STRICTLY  
AMATOOR. WE DON'T  
PLAY RINGERS!

FINE. NOW,  
MANAGER  
TODLEY  
WILL SHOW  
YOU TO THE  
GYM.  
GAME TIME  
IS 2:15.



THE GYM. 2:05 P.M.

FELLOWS, THIS OUGHT TO  
BE GRAVY-BUT, WE GOT  
TO BEAT FARR BY FIVE  
POINTS, SO, ROUGH  
'EM UP IF YOU HAVE  
TO... CATCH?

SURE! WE WON'T  
PUT ONLY HALF  
OF 'EM IN THE  
HOSPITAL!



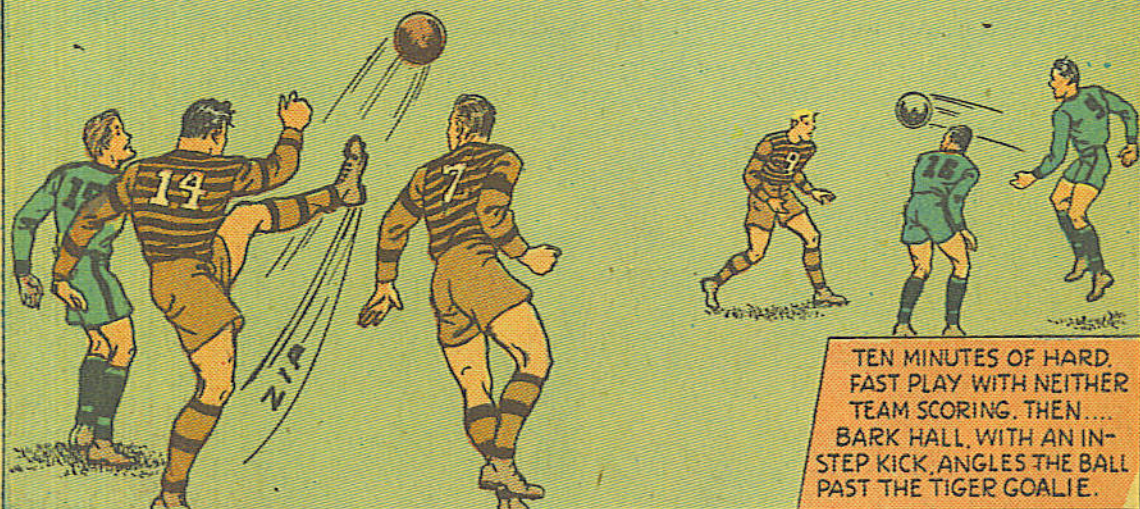
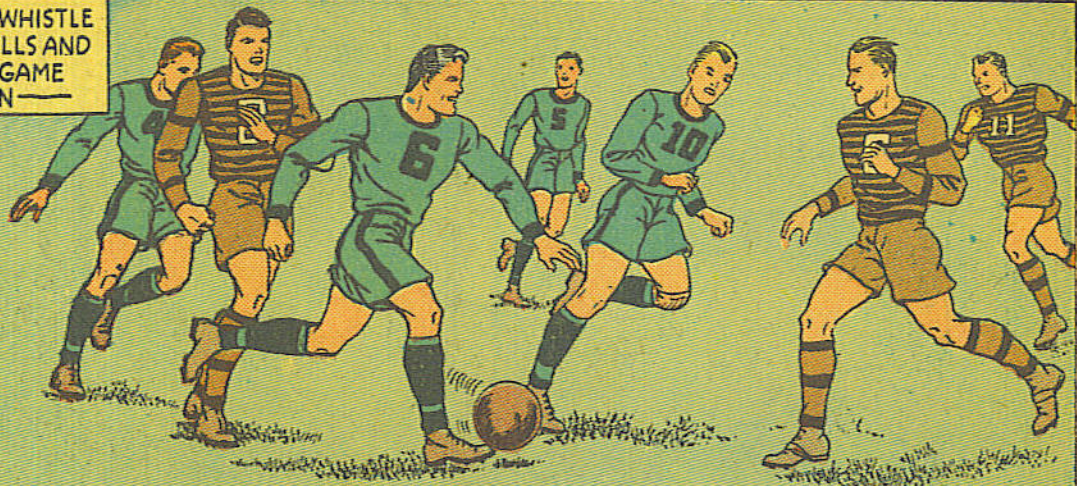
2:15 P.M. LOOK, RED,  
HERE COME  
THE TIGERS!  
GEE! THEY'RE  
RUGGED! HEY!  
DICK COLE IS  
GOALIE!

YEAH, I  
SEE. I BET  
HE WISHES  
HE'D STOOD  
IN BED! HOLD  
THE CHAPEAU-  
HERE WE GO!





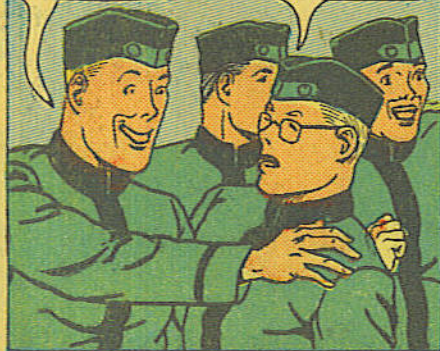
THE WHISTLE  
SHRILLS AND  
THE GAME  
IS ON —



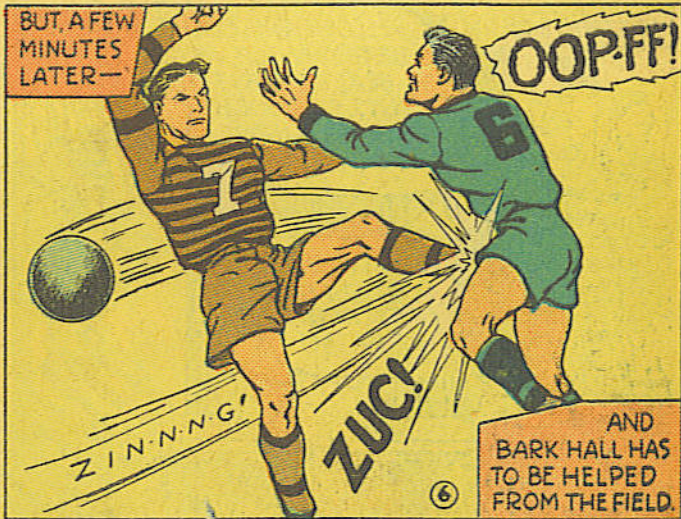
TEN MINUTES OF HARD,  
FAST PLAY WITH NEITHER  
TEAM SCORING. THEN ....  
BARK HALL, WITH AN IN-  
STEP KICK, ANGLES THE BALL  
PAST THE TIGER GOALIE.

WHOOPEE! BARK  
SCORED! 1 TO 0  
FARR! AND WHAT'S  
DICK COLE DONE  
TO DATE, HEH?

DICK COLE'S  
SAVES HAVE  
PREVENTED  
AT LEAST SIX  
TIGER SCORES!



BUT, A FEW  
MINUTES  
LATER —

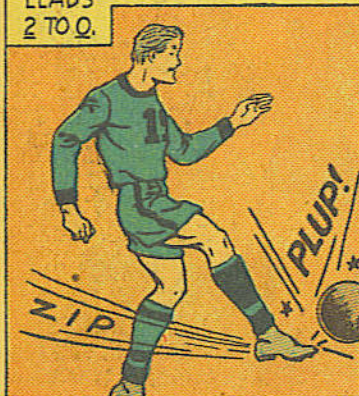


OOP-FF!

AND  
BARK HALL HAS  
TO BE HELPED  
FROM THE FIELD.



PLAY IS RESUMED. JED JAXON COMING IN FOR BARK HALL... THEN... SLIP'RY MAKES GOOD A PENALTY KICK AND FARR LEADS 2 TO 0.



BETWEEN HALVES.

FLATTEN THE LEFT HALF AND THE GOALIE, BOYS, AND QUICK!

SAY! WE GOTTA GET GOIN'! FIVE POINTS, REMEMBER? THESE KIDS ARE GOOD - TOO GOOD!

BILL AND MELL FIX THE CENTER FORWARD NEXT TIMEOUT. HE GETS IN OUR HAIR!

OKAY, CAP!



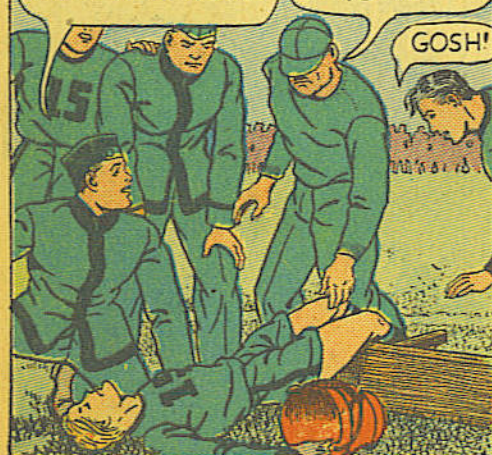
THE SECOND HALF. SLIP'RY RACES FOR THE BALL ALONG THE SIDE LINES. SO DOES A TIGER HALFBACK.



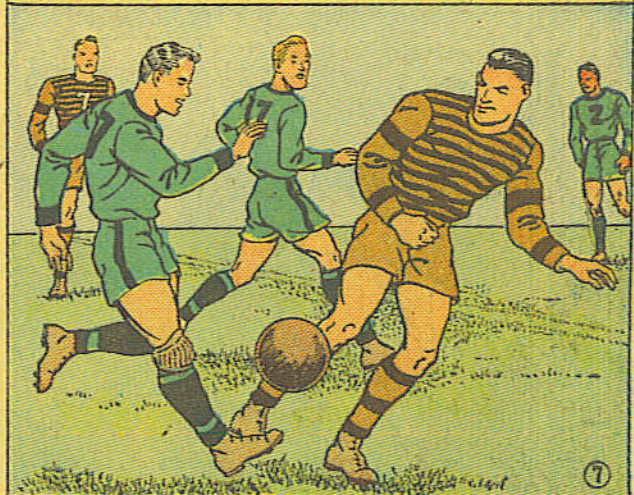
SLIP'RY IS OUT COLD. WOW! WHAT A SOC!

GET HIM TO THE GYM, BOYS.

GOSH!

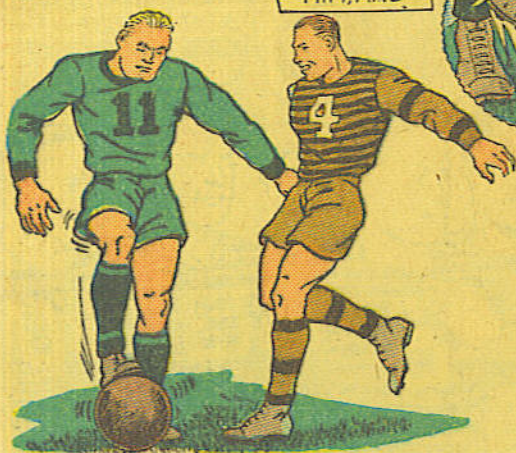


ANOTHER SUBSTITUTION - AND THE GAME GOES ON.





AS SIMBA TRAPS A SHORT PASS, THE TIGER INSIDE RIGHT CHARGES HIM, AND—



GOSH, FELLOWS, I CAN'T PUT MY WEIGHT ON IT!

THAT'S A DARNED TOUGH DEAL, SIMBA!



AND IN THE BACKGROUND—

THE TOE OF MY SHOE SURE WORKED SWELL, EH, JACK?

THAT STEEL INSET IN

AND HOW! NOW TO GET THE GOALIE. AND EVERYTHING WILL BE JAKE!



GREAT GRIEF! SIMBA'S OUT OF THE GAME!

LOOKS LIKE DIRTY WORK TO ME.

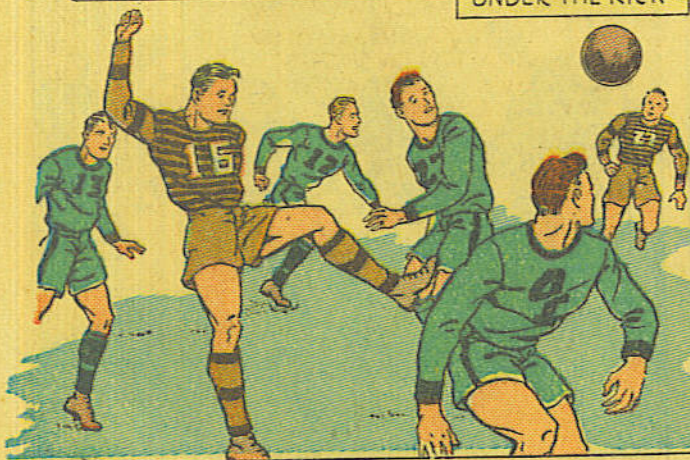
CHEER UP, GANG. DICK COLE'S STILL PROTECTIN' OUR LEAD AT THE GOAL!

WE'RE LOSIN' ALL OUR BEST PLAYERS!

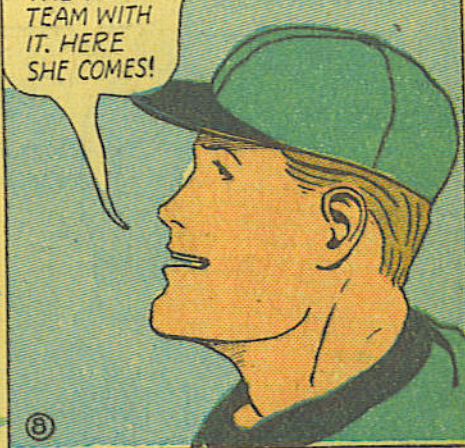
WHO'S TAKIN' SIMBA'S PLACE, EH?



A TIGER BACK PUNTS THE BALL FAR DOWN THE FIELD TOWARDS THE FARR GOAL. TIGER FORWARDS SWARM UNDER THE KICK—

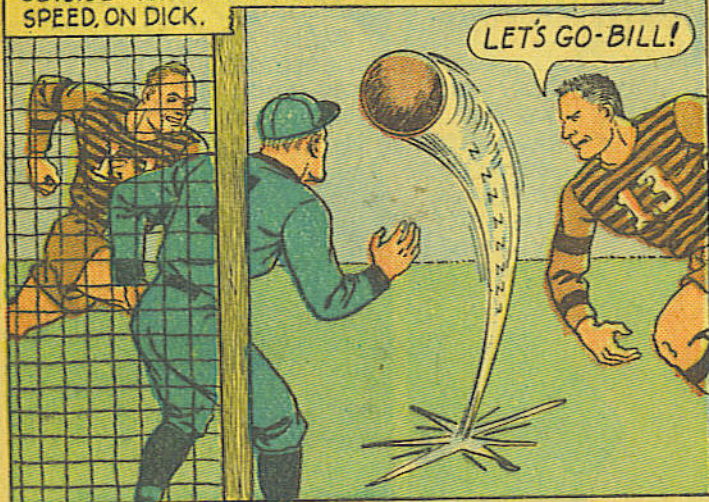


BOY! WHAT A BOOT! IT'LL LAND RIGHT IN FRONT OF ME...AND HALF THE TIGER TEAM WITH IT. HERE SHE COMES!





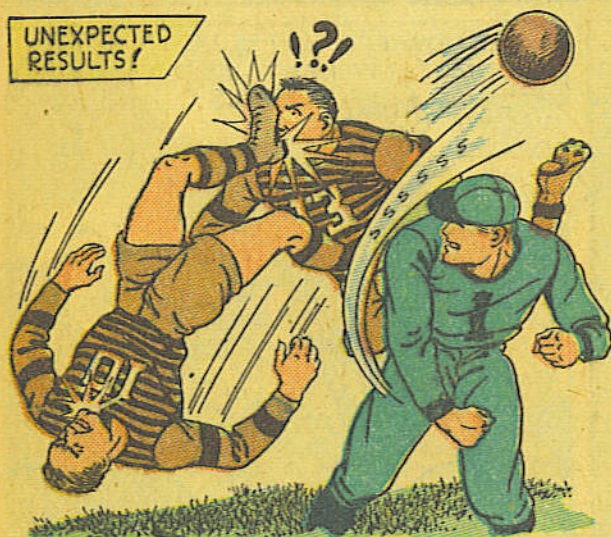
AS THE BALL BOUNCES IN FRONT OF THE GOAL, THE TIGER OUTSIDE RIGHT AND OUTSIDE LEFT CONVERGE, AT TOP SPEED, ON DICK.



WITH NO TIME TO HANDLE THE BALL, DICK SWINGS HIS FIST, WITH—



UNEXPECTED RESULTS!



GALLOPIN' GNATS! THEY'RE BOTH OUT LIKE A LIGHT!



THE REMAINING FIVE MINUTES OF THE GAME ARE PLAYED WITH NEITHER SIDE SCORING. THE FINAL WHISTLE FINDS FARR THE WINNER, 2 TO 0

RAH! RAH! FARR!

YEA-COLE!



LATER—

WELL, FELLOWS, I'M SOLD! I'LL BELIEVE ANYTHING DICK COLE SAYS ON SMOKIN'... OR ANYTHING ELSE! ANY GUY WHO CAN SCRAMBLE TWO TOUGH EGGS WITH ONE SOC MUST BE ON THE BEAM!



ALL OUT FOR V-J DAY, GANG! LET'S GO! Dick



# Krisko and Jasper

WE LEFT KRISKO AND JASPER  
RIGHT AFTER THEY HAD DROPPED  
THE TEAR GAS PENS INTO THE  
SNAKE. WONDER HOW THE  
BOYS ARE MAKING OUT--



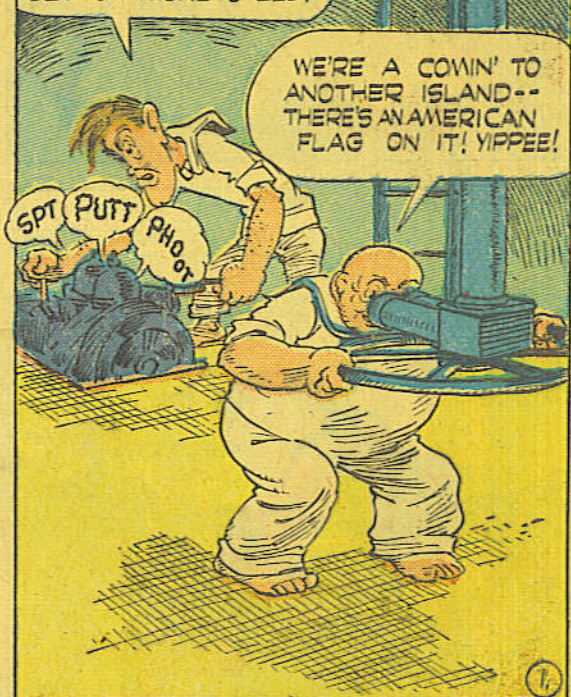
IT WUZ TWO DAYS AGO WE  
DROPPED THEM TEAR GAS PENS  
INTO THE SNAKE. HOW **DUZ**  
HEH HEH KEEP HITIN' OFF  
THE KNOTS?

HEH  
HEH--



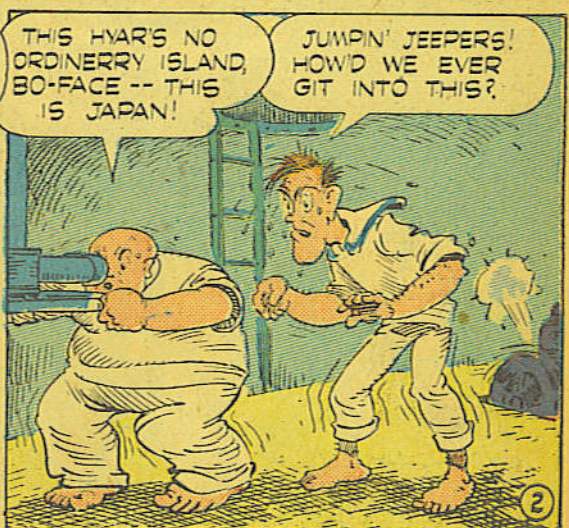
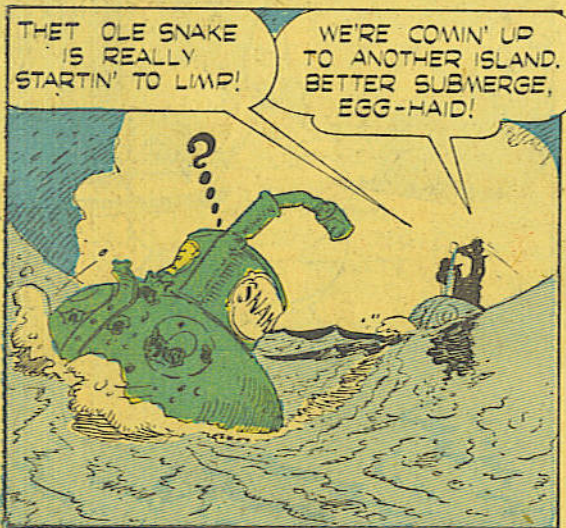
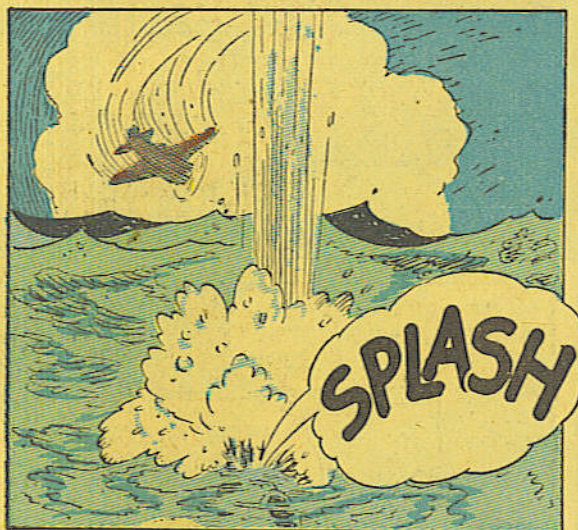
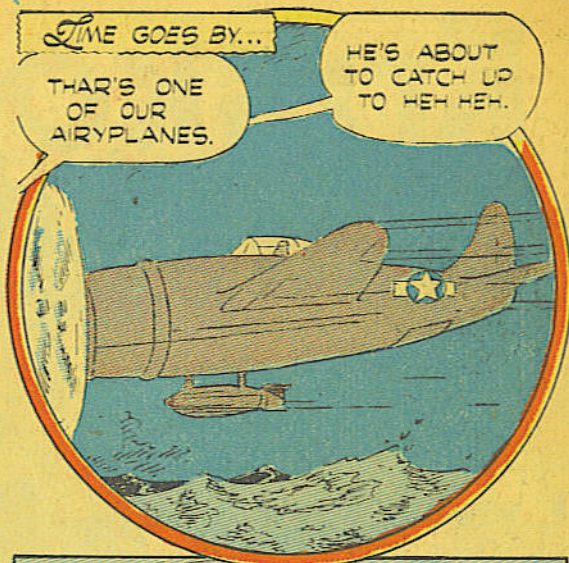
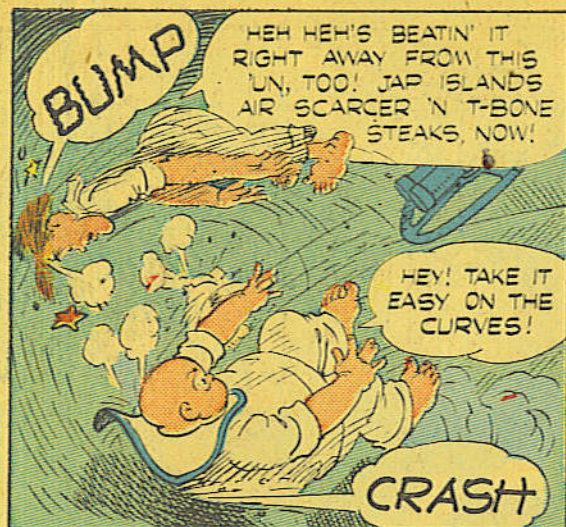
STOP YERPING AND  
YAMMERING--WE GOTTA  
GET UP MORE SPEED!

WE'RE A COWIN' TO  
ANOTHER ISLAND--  
THERE'S AN AMERICAN  
FLAG ON IT! YIPPEE!



THE WAR STAMPS BOUGHT BY YOU AND ME  
CAN SINK JAPAN BENEATH THE SEA





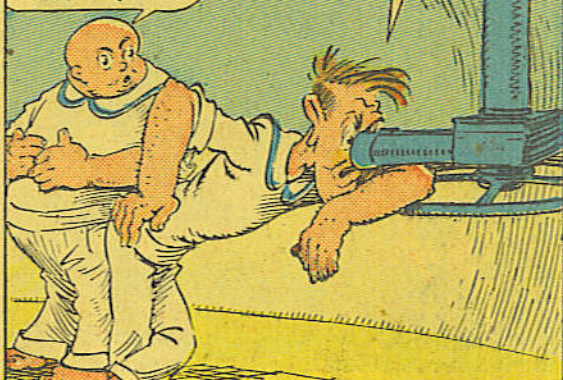


THROUGH THE PERISCOPE WE SEE--



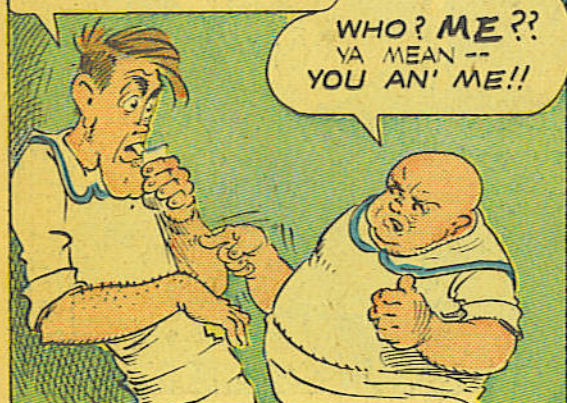
NO WONDER THEM TEAR GAS PENS DIDN'T DO THE TRICK! HEH HEH'S WEARIN' A GAS MASK!

I "GAS" YOU'RE RIGHT!



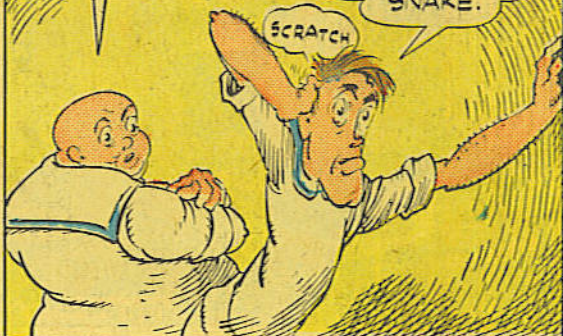
ONEY ONE THING TA DO, DOOR-KNOB HEAD--IN THAT'S TO WAIT 'TIL DARK. THEN YOU GO ASHORE 'N CAPTURE HEH HEH FEARLESSLY.

WHO? ME??  
YA MEAN--  
YOU AN' ME!!

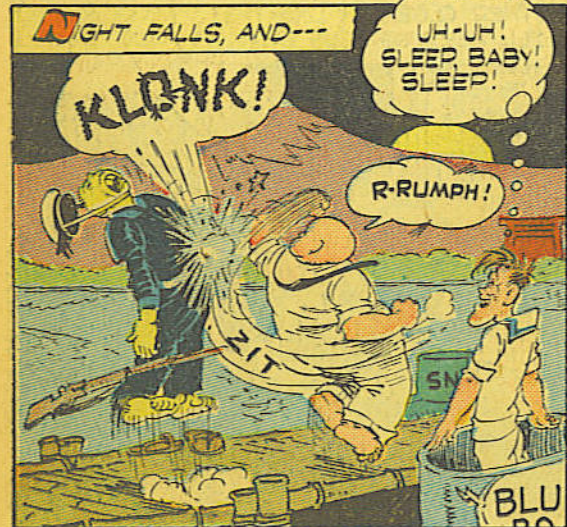


YOU GOTTA GREAT MIND. ONEY HOW'RE WE GONNA ESCAPE WITH HEH HEH?

CAN'T QUITE FIGGER THET OUT. WE GOT BY THEM DETECTION MACHINES JUST 'CAUSE WE WAS RIGHT IN THE WAKE OF THE SNAKE.



NIGHT FALLS, AND---

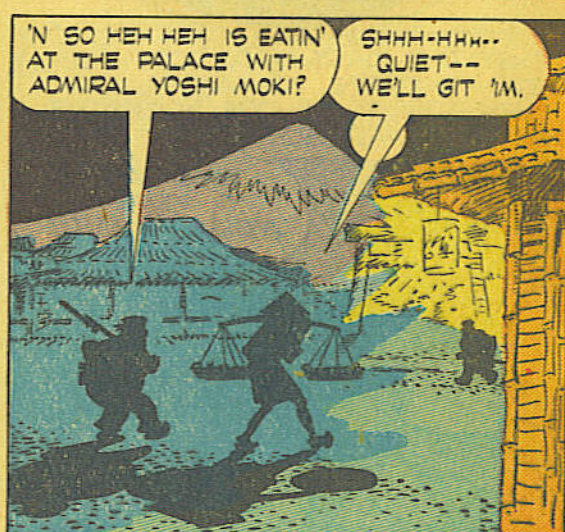
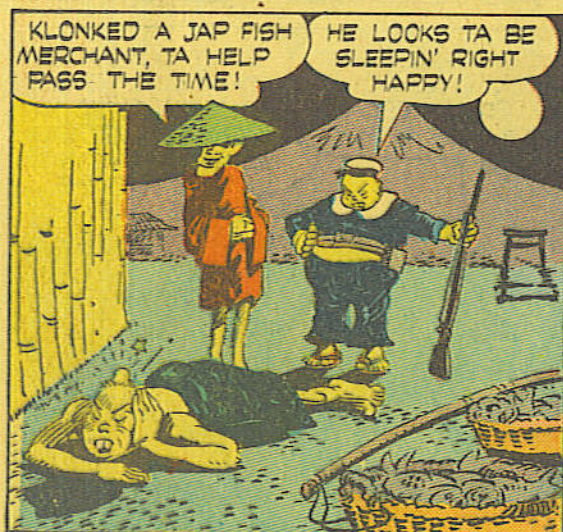


YOU'RE SURE BUILT FER THET OUTFIT, MEATBALL!! HA HA!

STAY HID! I'LL BE BACK SOON'S I FIND OUT ABOUT HEH HEH!







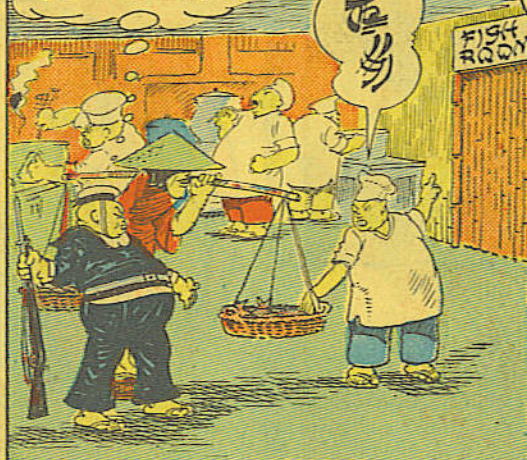


THIS HYAR NOW FISH  
BASKET'LL TRICK 'EM.

THEY'LL THINK YO'RE  
A-BRINGIN' SPECIAL  
FISH 'N I'M  
GUARDIN' IT!



EVEN GOT A ROOM  
FOR THEIR FISH!



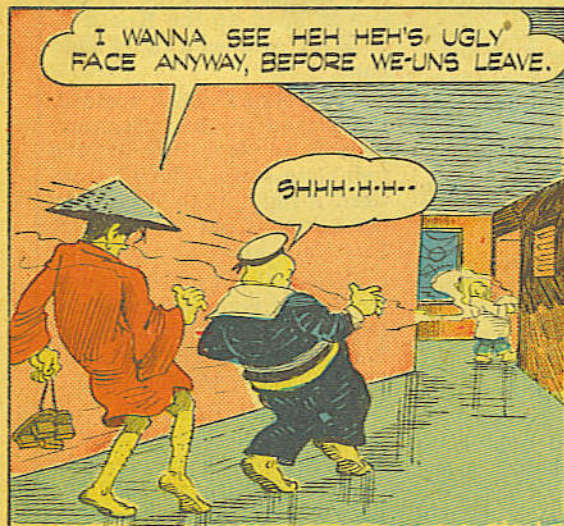
IF'N WE CAN FOLLOW  
ONE O' THEM WAITERS  
WITH THEM EGGS--

LEAVE US WALK  
TO THE NEAREST  
EGGSIT INSTEAD!

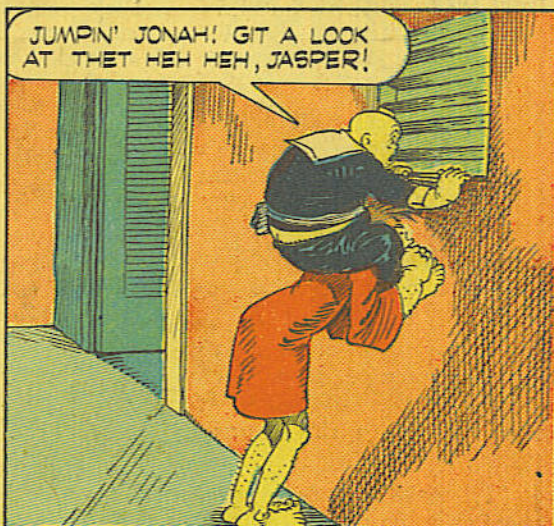


I WANNA SEE HEH HEH'S UGLY  
FACE ANYWAY, BEFORE WE-UNS LEAVE.

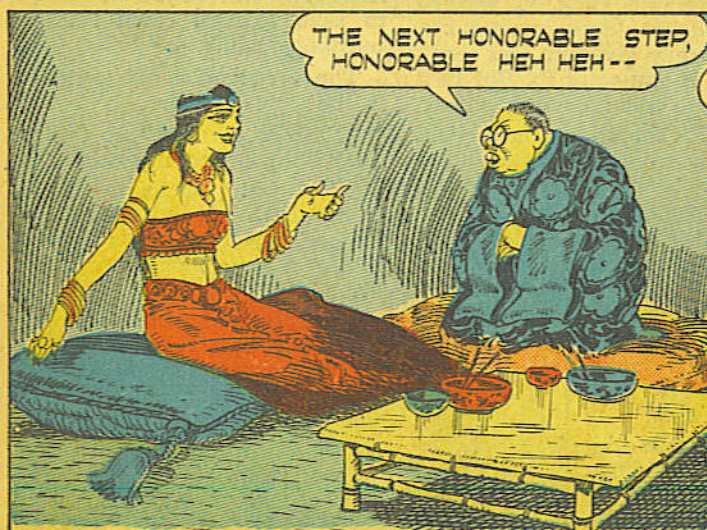
SHHH-H-H--



JUMPIN' JONAH! GIT A LOOK  
AT THET HEH HEH, JASPER!



THE NEXT HONORABLE STEP,  
HONORABLE HEH HEH--



OMIGOSH!  
HEH HEH'S  
A WOMAN!

JEEPER'S CROW!  
WHAT'LL WE  
DO NOW?

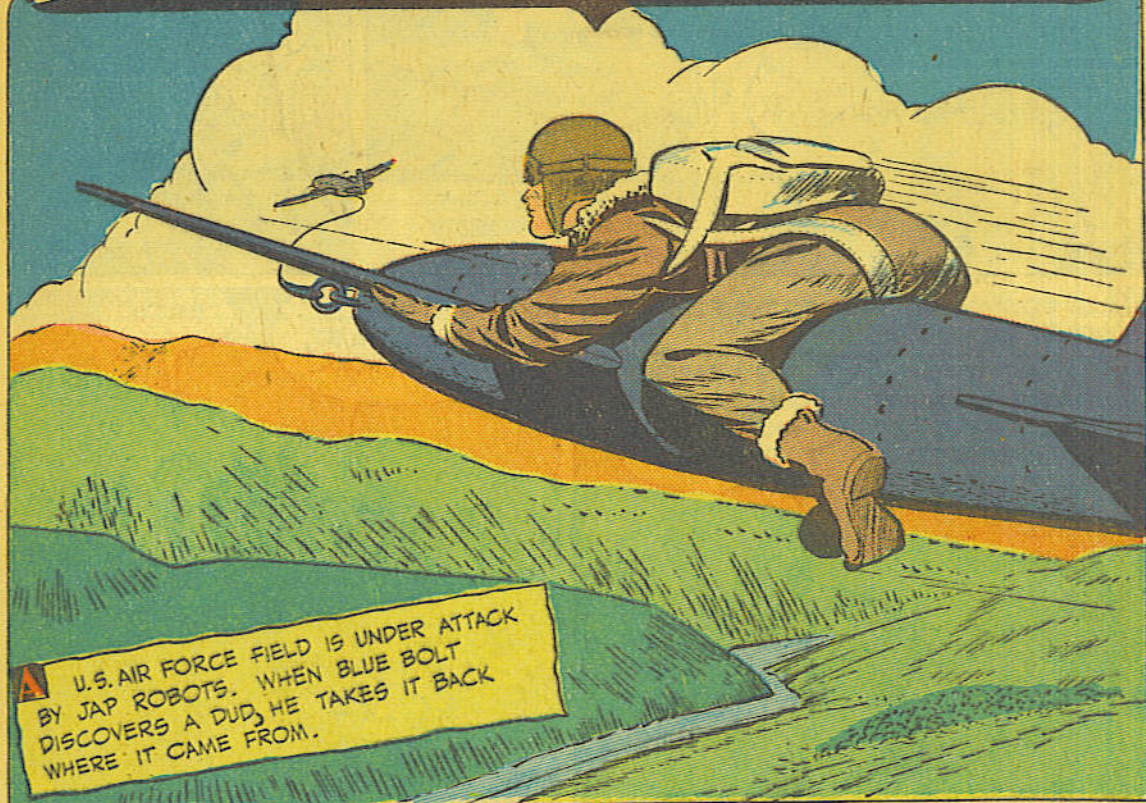


LOOKS LIKE PLENTY OF  
EXCITEMENT AHEAD FOR  
**KRISKO AND JASPER!!**

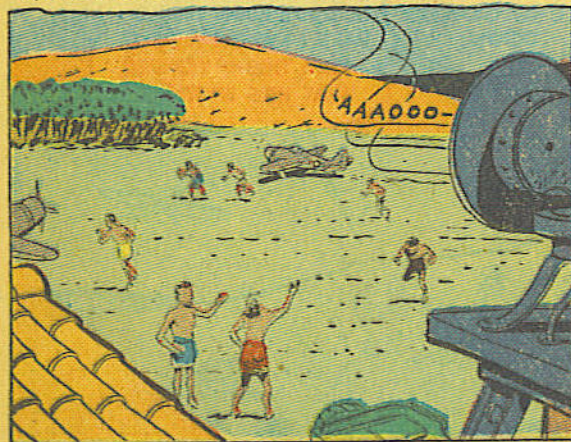


# BLUE BOLT

## THE AMERICAN

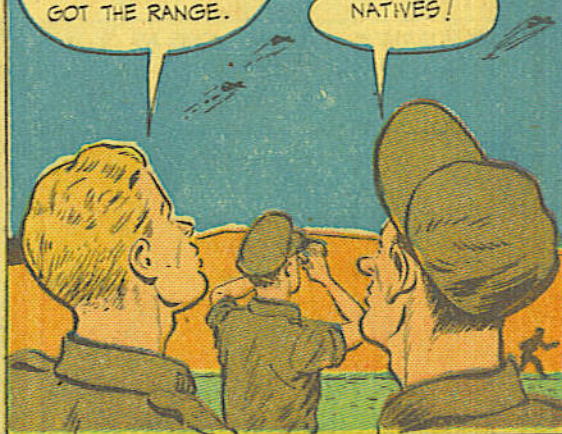


AN AIR RAID SIREN SOUNDS THE ALERT AT A B-29 BASE ON THE ASIAN MAINLAND. THE NATIVES DROP EVERYTHING AND RUN FOR COVER.



ROBOTS AGAIN. THEY'RE NOT CLOSE. THE NIPS HAVEN'T GOT THE RANGE.

BUT THEY SCARE THE DICKENS OUT OF THE NATIVES!



BUYING BONDS IS ONE SURE WAY  
OF HASTENING OUR VICTORY DAY



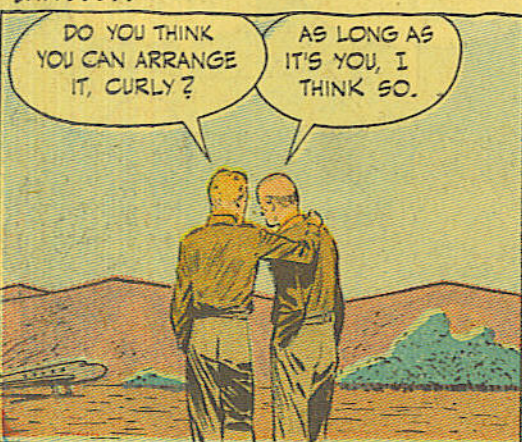
**T**HE JAPS OVERSHOOT THE FIELD BY A QUARTER OF A MILE.



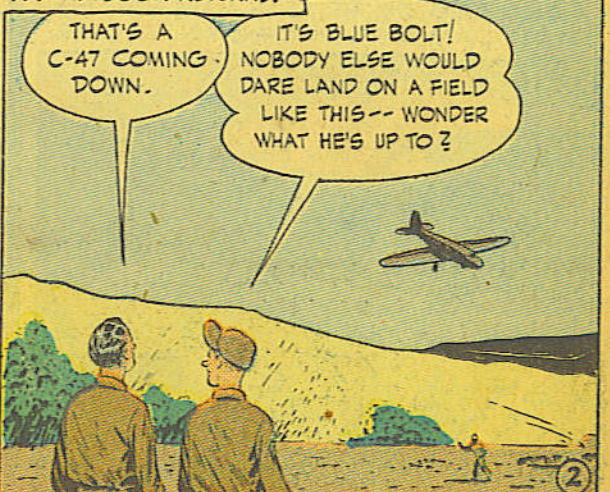
**B**LUE BOLT DASHES BACK TO THE FIELD AND HUNTS UP THE MAJOR.



**W**HILE MAJOR ROE READIES THE ROBOT, BLUE BOLT VISITS A NEAR-BY AIRBORNE UNIT.....



... AND SOON RETURNS.





...AND WHEN WE'RE  
OVER THE TARGET,  
I'LL CUT THE BOMB  
LOOSE. CHARLIE,  
YOU'LL PILOT  
THE PLANE.

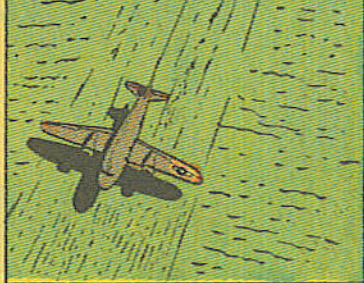
WHY,  
THAT'S  
SUICIDAL!



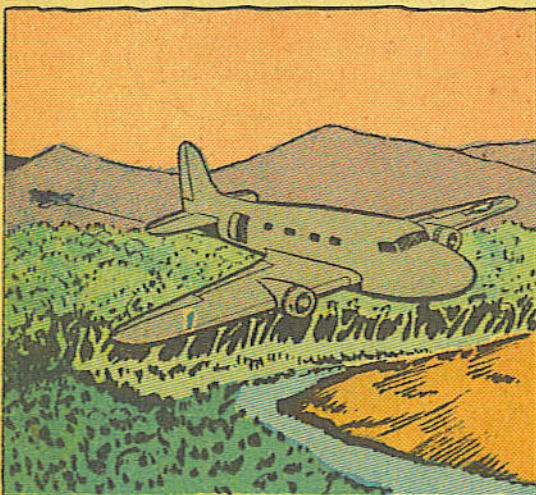
BE SURE  
THOSE HOOKS  
WON'T GIVE.



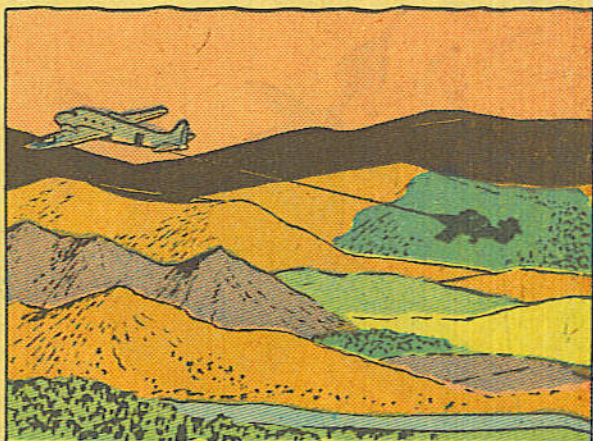
A TENSE MOMENT  
LATER AND THE  
PLANE TAKES  
OFF...



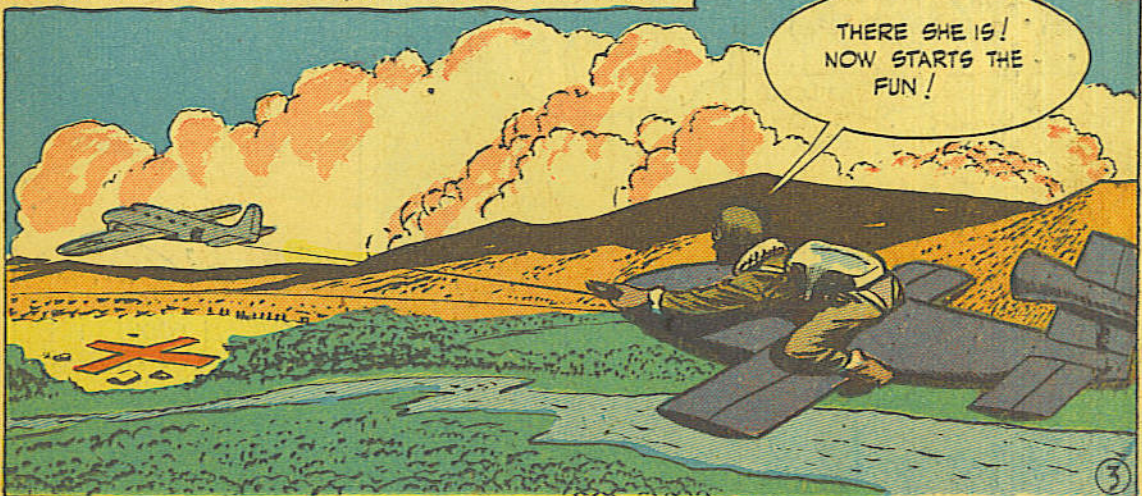
THEY BARELY CLEAR THE TREE TOPS --



THE PLANE HITS A TERRIFIC SPEED, AND BLUE  
BOLT HUGS THE BOMB TO KEEP FROM BEING  
SWEEPED OFF.



MANY SWIFT MILES FURTHER, BLUE BOLT CUTS THE CABLE--

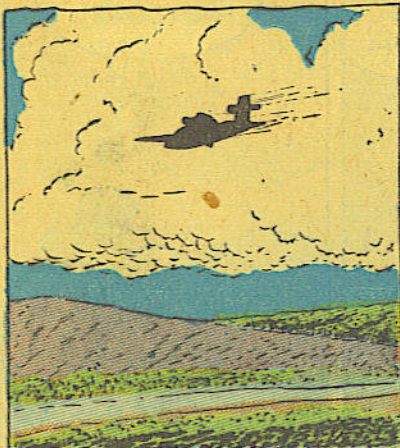


THERE SHE IS!  
NOW STARTS THE  
FUN!



... THE ACE AIRMAN DIRECTS THE BOMB SQUARELY AT THE ENEMY ROBOT LAUNCHING DEPOT.

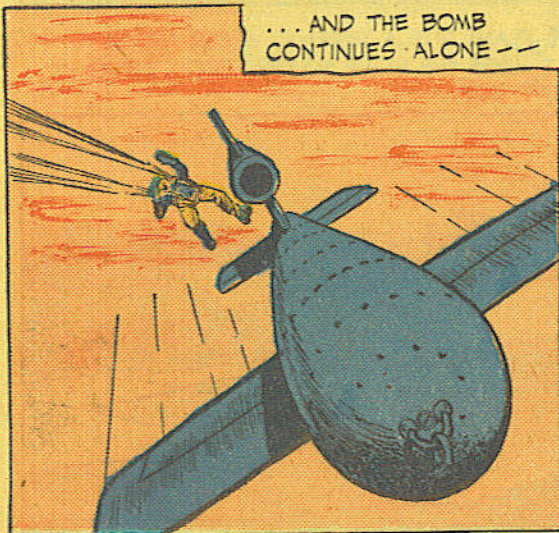
BY CLEVER MANIPULATION OF THE AILERONS...



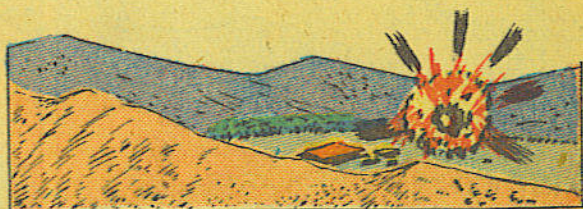
HE PULLS THE RIP CORD...



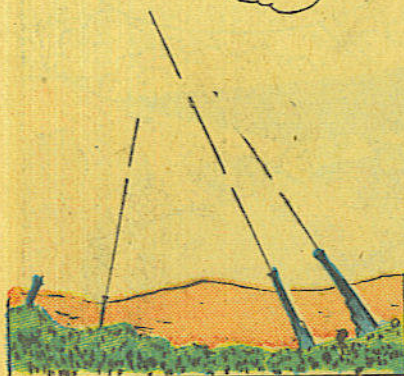
... AND THE BOMB CONTINUES ALONE --



THAT'S THE END OF THE BUZZ BOMBS!



AND IT MAY BE THE END OF ME!



NOW LOOK WHAT'S COMING! A JAP PLANE!



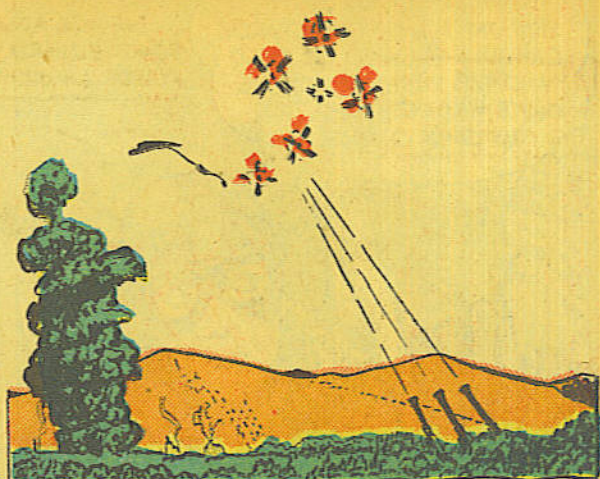
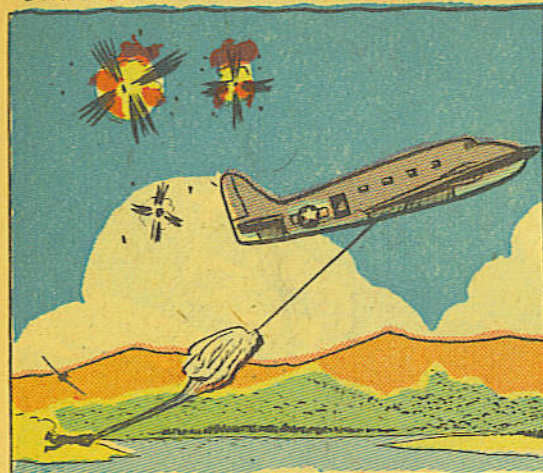
BUT CHARLIE SEES IT, TOO!



NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON! I HOPE I CAN GIVE HIM THE HOOK!



THE DANGLING HOOK CATCHES THE STRANDS OF THE PARACHUTE...



THEY ARE SOON OUT OF RANGE OF THE ACK-ACK...

...BUT THE NIP PLANE IS IN FULL PURSUIT.



UH-OH! I WONDER IF CHARLIE KNOWS WE'VE GOT COMPANY.



THE JAPS HAVE AN EASY TARGET.

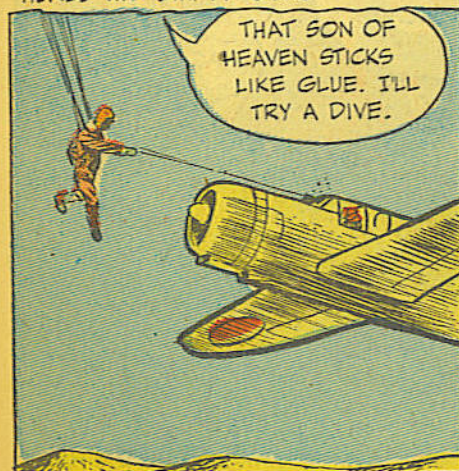


MAYBE I'LL LOSE THOSE MONKEYS IF I CLIMB.

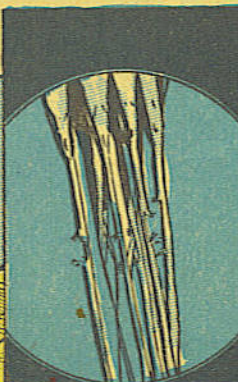
THIS GUN WON'T DO ANY DAMAGE UNLESS THEY GET IN REAL CLOSE.

CHARLIE TRIES TO SHAKE OFF HIS PURSUERS.

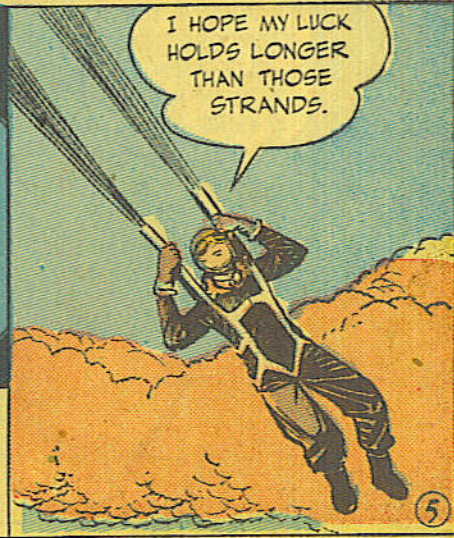
MINUTES LATER... BLUE BOLT HURLS HIS EMPTY GUN.



THAT SON OF HEAVEN STICKS LIKE GLUE. I'LL TRY A DIVE.



THE STRAIN IS TOO GREAT FOR THE PARACHUTE... THE SHROUDS BEGIN TO SNAP...



I HOPE MY LUCK HOLDS LONGER THAN THOSE STRANDS.



I BETTER GET RID OF THAT JAP PLANE. THEN CHARLIE CAN IDLE BACK TO THE FIELD AND THE PRESSURE ON THE CHUTE WILL BE EASED. IT'S MY ONLY CHANCE.



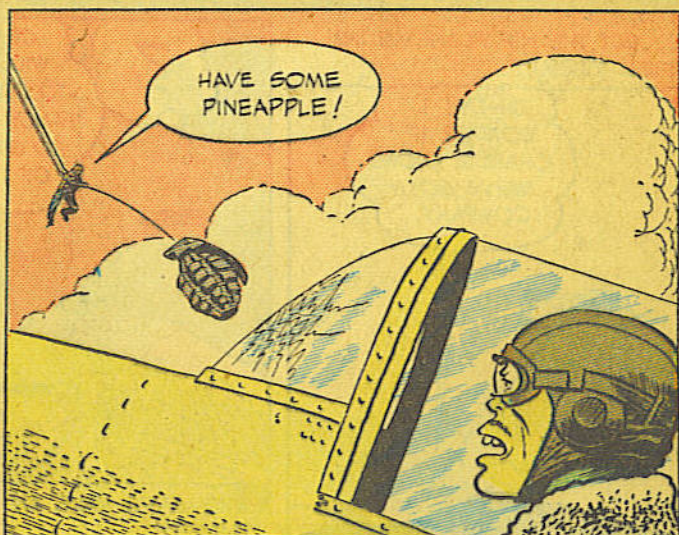
THE ONLY RESOURCE LEFT TO HIM..... A GRENADE.



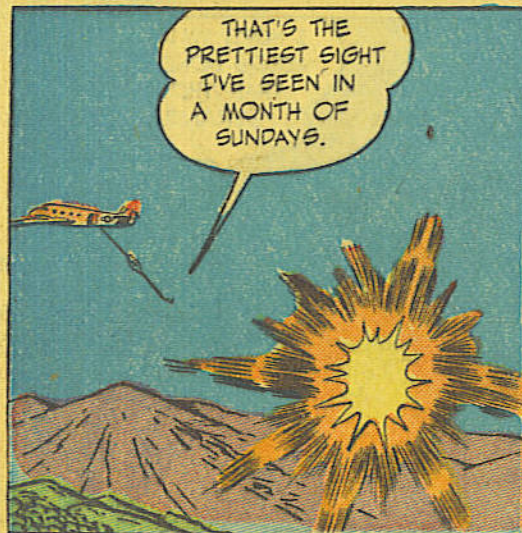
AS THE ENEMY DIVES IN FOR THE KILL....



HAVE SOME PINEAPPLE!



THAT'S THE PRETTIEST SIGHT I'VE SEEN IN A MONTH OF SUNDAYS.



LATER, BACK AT THE BASE..

I WAS AFRAID TO LAND. HOW DID YOU WORK YOURSELF UP?

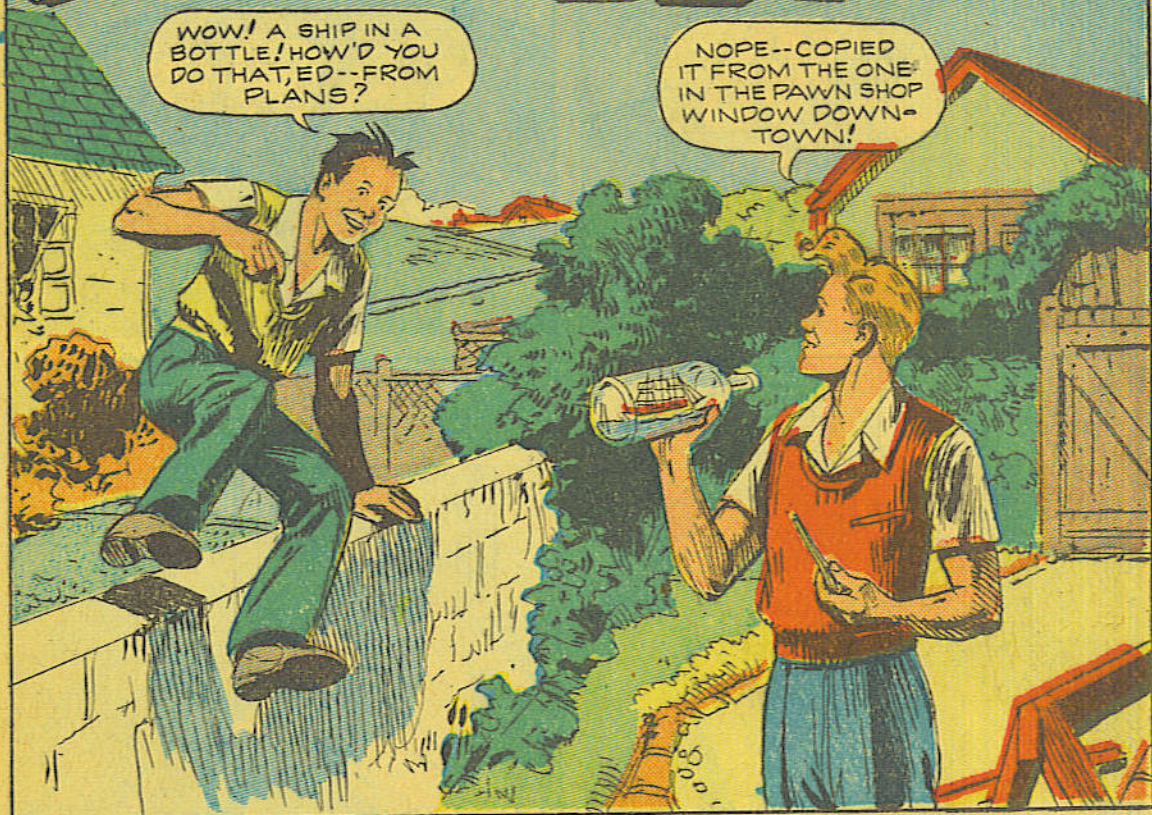
I DON'T KNOW, CHARLIE. I GUESS I SHOULD HAVE BEEN AN ACROBAT!



BUY THOSE BONDS! IT'S ONLY FAIR!  
TO HELP OUR BOYS OVER THERE



# Edison Bell



BUY EVERY BOND YOU CAN AFFORD  
EACH ONE IS LIKE A MIGHTY SWORD







A FEW MINUTES LATER---

HELLO, MRS. BENTLY! MOM'S EXPECTING YOU!

I'M READY FOR HER, EDISON! I JUST BOUGHT THE DARLINDEST CONTRIBUTION!



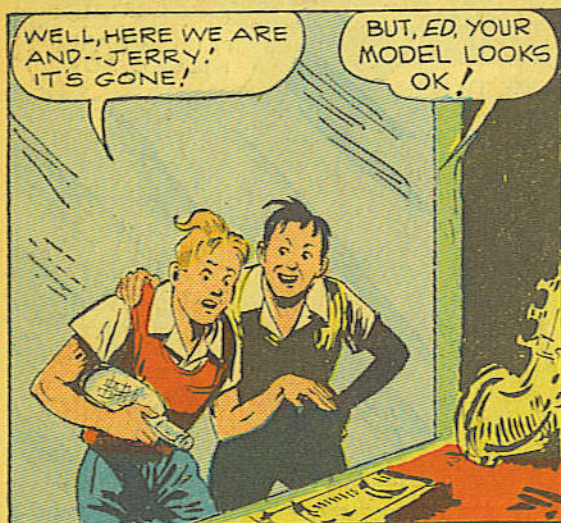
WHAT'S ALL THIS, ED?

MOM'S CLUB JERRY! THEY ALL CONTRIBUTE SOMETHING THEN MOM AUCTIONS IT OFF, IT'S FOR THE WAR FUND I THINK!

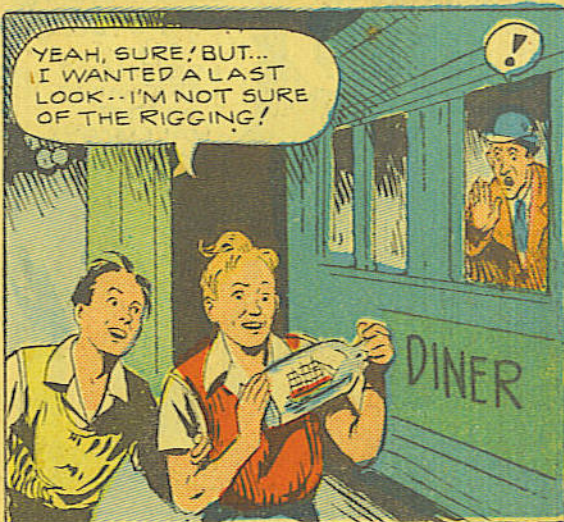


WELL, HERE WE ARE AND--JERRY! IT'S GONE!

BUT, ED, YOUR MODEL LOOKS OK!



YEAH, SURE, BUT... I WANTED A LAST LOOK--I'M NOT SURE OF THE RIGGING!



T-THAT KID! HE'S GOT THE MODEL!



I'LL TRAIL 'EM! GOTTA GET IT BACK BEFORE THE BOSS FINDS OUT HE'LL (ULP) SKIN ME!





WHEN THE BOYS ARRIVE AT ED'S HOUSE, THEY FIND THE MEETING IN FULL SWING--

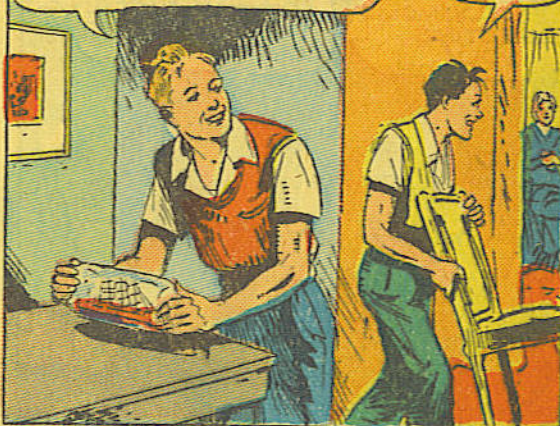
HI, MOM--ANYTHING WE CAN DO?

WHY YES, SON, WE DO NEED MORE CHAIRS INSIDE!



THIS WON'T TAKE LONG, JERRY--THEN WE'LL GO OUT TO THE SHOP OVER THE GARAGE AND TAKE A PHOTO OF THE MODEL!

SWELL!



WE'RE READY TO PROCEED, LADIES--ARE ALL GIFTS ON THE TABLE?

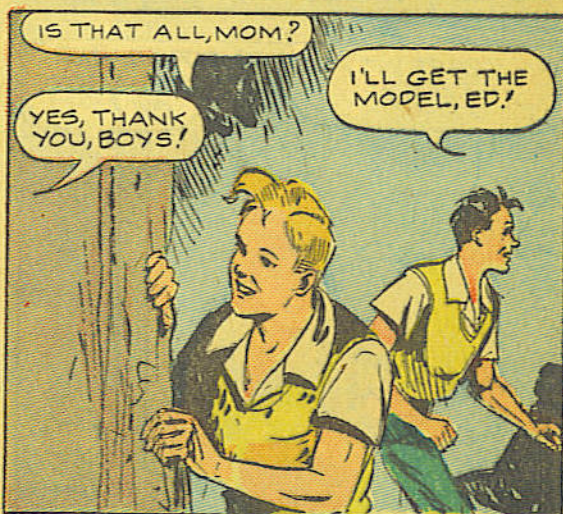
HOW STUPID OF ME--I MUST HAVE LEFT MINE IN THE HALLWAY!



IS THAT ALL, MOM?

YES, THANK YOU, BOYS!

I'LL GET THE MODEL, ED!



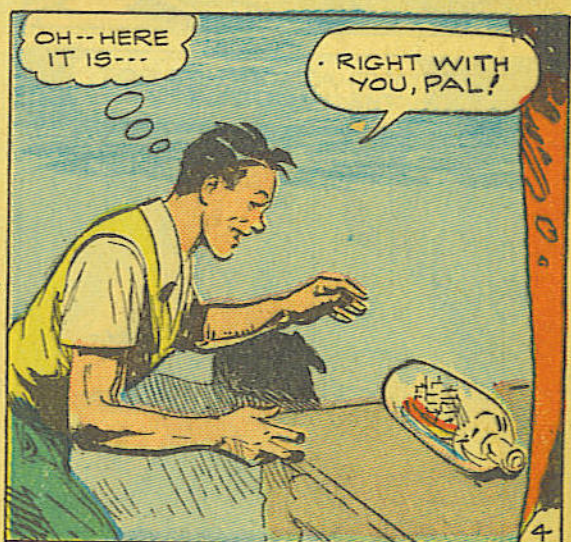
?

GOT IT?



OH--HERE IT IS---

RIGHT WITH YOU, PAL!





MEANWHILE --

IT'S SHIFTY, BOSS! HE SAID SOME BRAT WALKED OFF WITH THE MODEL! HE TAILED 'IM TO HIS HOUSE-- NOW WHAT?

THAT CLUCK! GIMME THE PHONE!



A BUNCH OF DAMES AT A MEETING, EH?--WELL, PULL THE MESSENGER GAG-- WE'LL BE WAITIN' FOR YOU IN THE ALLEY!

T'ANKS, BOSS!



A FEW MINUTES LATER---

A PACKAGE FOR THE LADY OF THE HOUSE!

OH--COME IN!



WHAT---? OHH!

JUST STAY WHERE YEZ ARE AN' NO-BODY'LL GET HURT! THIS IS WHAT I'M AFTER!



SHIFTY MAKES A BREAK FOR IT OUT THE BACK WAY TO THE WAITING SEDAN--

STOP, THIEF!

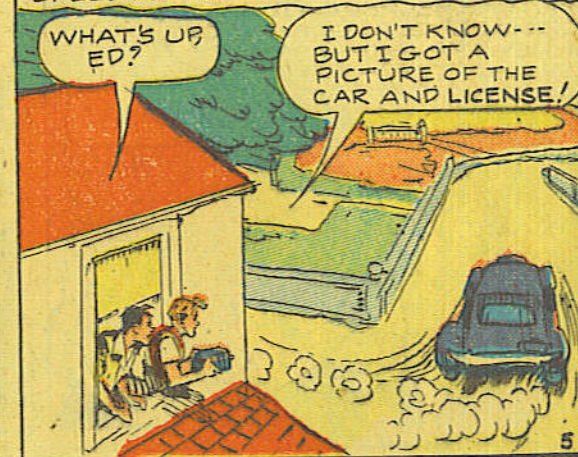
EEK! HELP!



THE SCREAMS ATTRACT THE BOYS' ATTENTION IN TIME TO SEE THE CAR SPEED AWAY---

WHAT'S UP, ED?

I DON'T KNOW--- BUT I GOT A PICTURE OF THE CAR AND LICENSE!

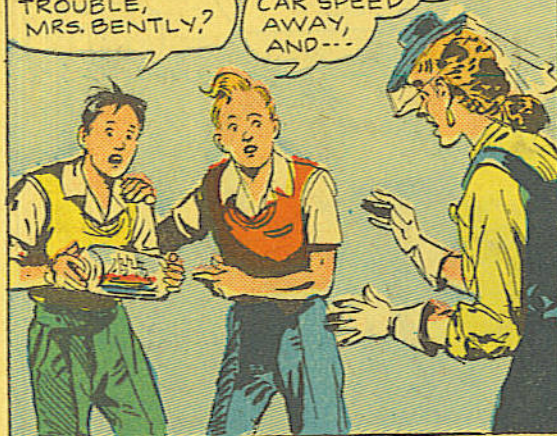




ED AND JERRY RUN INTO THE HOUSE---

WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, MRS. BENTLY?

WE SAW THE CAR SPEED AWAY, AND---



WELL, HE DIDN'T GET IT AFTER ALL, I'LL TAKE THAT, YOUNG MAN!

HUH? BUT THIS IS EDDIE'S!



IT IS NOT! IT'S MINE! I--

OOPS!



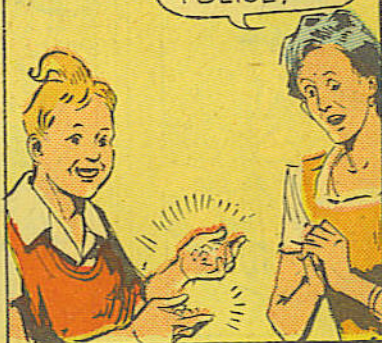
SILENCE FOLLOWS THE CRASH--- THEN COMES PANDEMONIUM AS ED DISCOVERS---

DIAMONDS! THEY WERE HIDDEN IN THE IMITATION 'SEA'!



THIS IS WHAT THE THIEF WAS AFTER, MOM--- LUCKILY THE MODELS WERE SWITCHED!

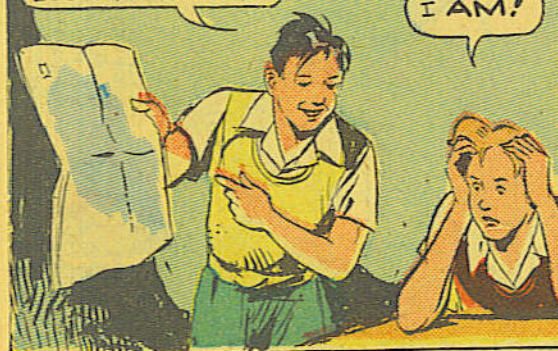
I-- I'M GOING TO CALL THE POLICE!



THE NEXT MORNING---

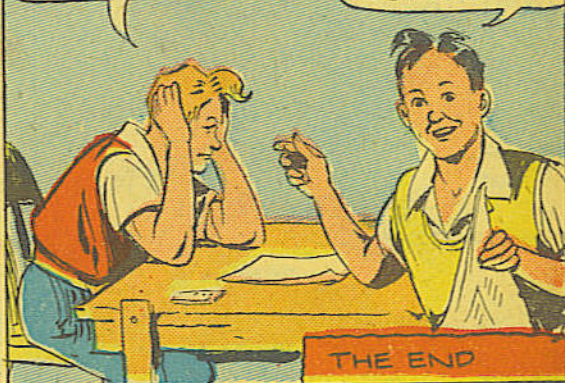
WE'RE HEROES, ED! THE PICTURE HELPED CATCH THE CROOKS, WE'RE GOING TO GET A REWARD, AND---?? WHAT'S THE MATTER?-- YOU LOOK WORRIED!

I AM!



IT TOOK ME A WHOLE WEEK TO MAKE THAT MODEL-- I HOPE THEY HAVEN'T BROKEN IT!

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH A GUY LIKE THAT?

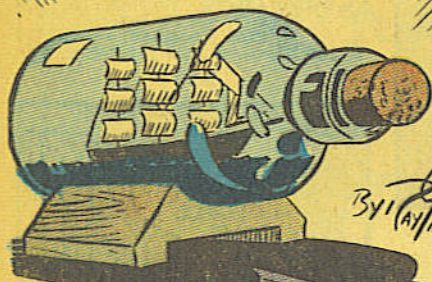




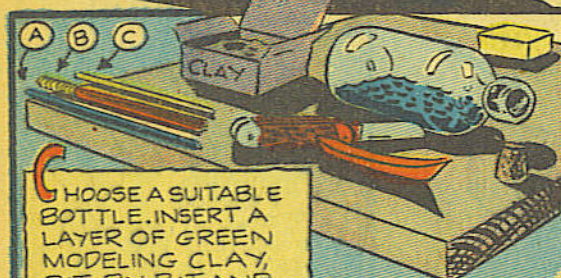
# SHHH!

HERE IS EDDIE BELL'S SECRET,  
SIMPLIFIED WAY TO MAKE A MODEL

# SHIP-IN-A BOTTLE

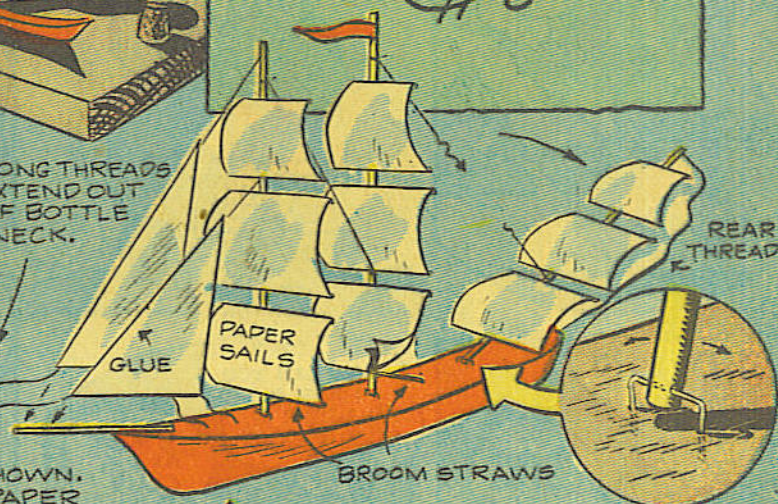


**T**HIS FAVORITE OF SOUVENIR  
HUNTERS FOR COUNTLESS  
YEARS MAY NOW BE  
YOURS---AND MADE BY  
YOU! ELABORATE AS  
MUCH AS YOU WISH. THE  
PLANS HERE HAVE BEEN  
GREATLY SIMPLIFIED.



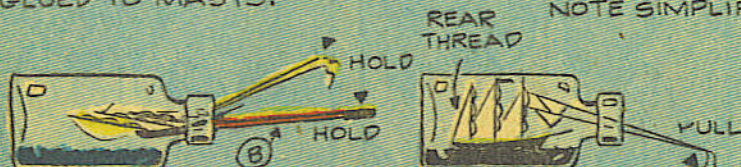
**C**HOOSE A SUITABLE  
BOTTLE. INSERT A  
LAYER OF GREEN  
MODELING CLAY,  
BIT BY BIT, AND  
TAMP DOWN  
WITH ROUND-  
END DOWEL  
"C". CARVE HULL  
OUT OF SOFT  
WOOD.

LONG THREADS  
EXTEND OUT  
OF BOTTLE  
NECK.

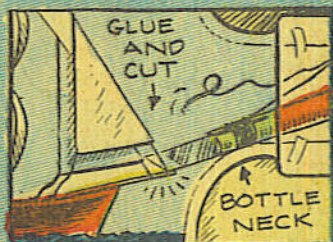


**A**SSEMBLE SHIP AS SHOWN.  
THIN DOWEL MASTS, PAPER  
SAILS GLUED TO BROOM.  
STRAW BOOMS. BOOMS ARE  
GLUED TO MASTS.

**M**ASTS FOLD BACK ON SIMPLE STAPLE  
HINGE. BURN HOLES WITH HOT NEEDLE.  
NOTE SIMPLIFIED RIGGING.



**I**NSERT SHIP WITH LONG STICK TWEEZERS "B",  
MASTS FOLDED BACK, AND SET FIRMLY IN CLAY.  
PULL MASTS UP WITH LONG THREADS. REAR THREAD  
IS FIXED LENGTH. GLUE THREADS TO BOWSPRIT AND CUT.







### TRICKY MATCHBOX

Place it on the back of your hand and say the Magic Word and Lo and behold

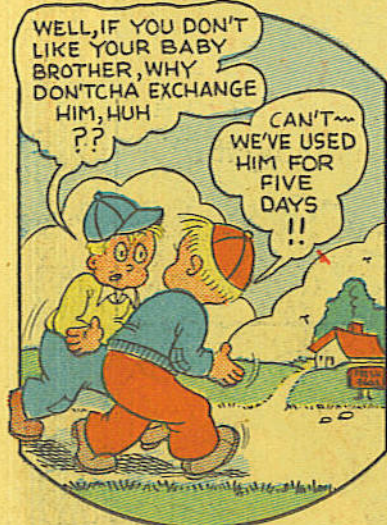
**IT TURNS COMPLETELY AROUND!**

**IT STANDS! IT OPENS!**

A magical sensation. Complete with Easy to do directions. 25¢ postpaid.

THE MAGICIAN.

MX 2463 Kensington Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.



**BUY WAR BONDS, ONE AND ALL!**  
**GUARANTEE JAPAN'S QUICK FALL**



# Sergeant Spook



BOY-- THIS GUY MUST HAVE BEEN A TOUGH HOMBRE!

OH, HE'S A REFORMED CHARACTER NOW, JERRY! IF YOU'D LIKE TO MEET HIM, I'LL BRING HIM IN FROM GHOST TOWN TONIGHT!

GOSH, SPOOK, WOULD YOU?



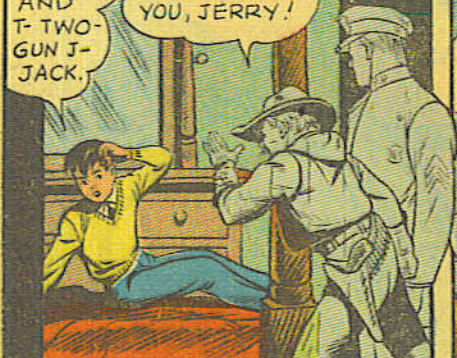
WAR BONDS BOUGHT BY EVERYONE  
ARE SURE TO SET THAT "RISING SUN"



SO, THAT NIGHT, SPOOK ARRIVES AT JERRY'S HOUSE...

(GULP)  
H-HELLO,  
SPOOK  
AND  
T-TWO-  
GUN J-  
JACK.

HI, JERRY -- I PERSUADED  
TWO-GUN TO COME  
ALONG!  
GLAD TO MEET  
YOU, JERRY!



TWO-GUN JACK MAKES HIMSELF AT HOME --

TELL  
ME ABOUT  
THE  
INDIANS?

NICE  
BED  
YOU'VE  
GOT  
HERE,  
SONNY!



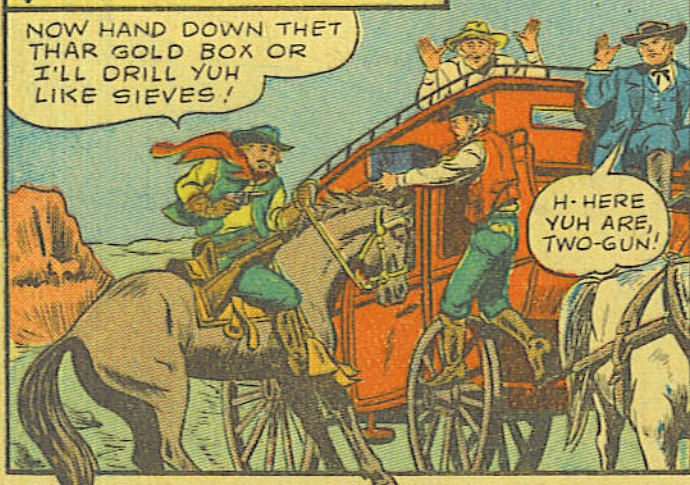
INJUNS?? WHERE?  
I'LL SHOOT THE  
VARMINTS! WHY,  
I REMEMBER  
BACK IN TEXAS  
WHEN...

GEE!



TWO-GUN TELLS HIS STORY --

NOW HAND DOWN THET  
THAR GOLD BOX OR  
I'LL DRILL YUH  
LIKE SIEVES!



H-HERE  
YUH ARE,  
TWO-GUN!

OFF TO THE HILLS, BLACK  
STREAK - I'LL CACHE THIS  
HERE GOLD TILL I GOT  
ENUF TO RETIRE!



HERE'S MY GOOD OLD  
HIDIN' PLACE -- NO ONE  
BUT ME KNOWS ABOUT  
IT!



INJUNS!! TH'  
CONSARNED  
THIEVES  
WAS  
ASPYIN'  
ON ME!

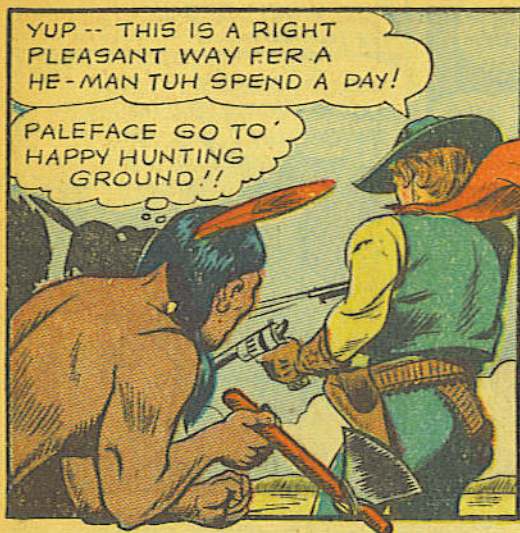
WHOO!  
SCALPUM,  
PALEFACE!



WHY, YOU REDSKINS ARE  
JUS' ORNERY CROOKS!  
I'LL SHOW YUH THET IT  
AIN'T SO EASY TO STEAL  
FROM TWO-GUN!

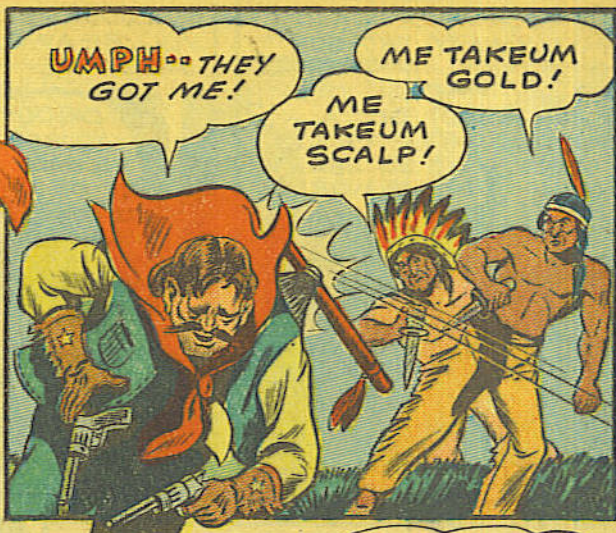






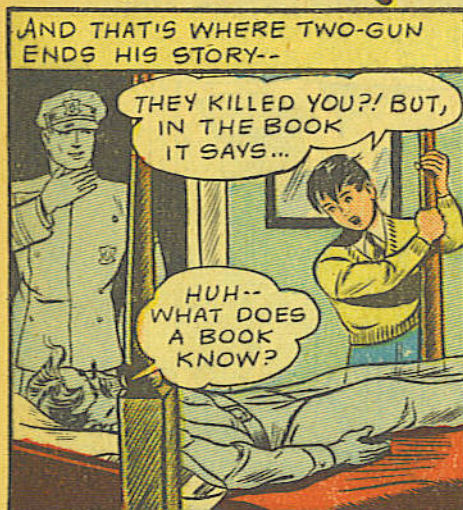
YUP -- THIS IS A RIGHT PLEASANT WAY FER A HE-MAN TUH SPEND A DAY!

PALEFACE GO TO HAPPY HUNTING GROUND!!



UMPH--THEY GOT ME!

ME TAKEUM GOLD!  
ME TAKEUM SCALP!



AND THAT'S WHERE TWO-GUN ENDS HIS STORY--

THEY KILLED YOU?! BUT, IN THE BOOK IT SAYS...

HUH--WHAT DOES A BOOK KNOW?



IT WAS TWO DAYS LATER, JERRY, THET I HELD UP THE HOUSTON BANK! GORSH, THET WAS SOME ROBBERY!

WHAT?



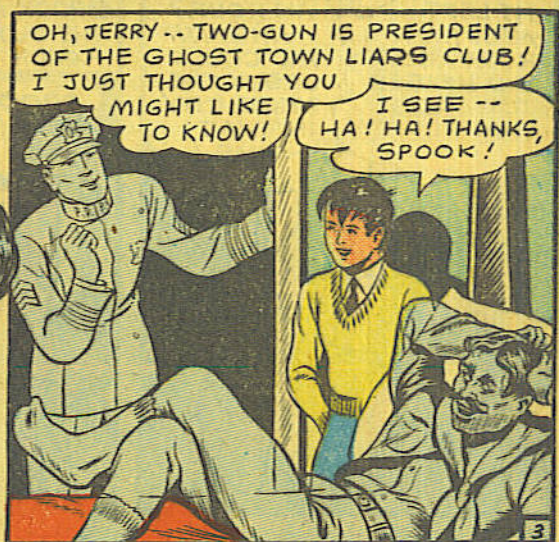
OH, SAY, NOW--HOW COULD YOU ROB A BANK IF YOU WERE DEAD?



YOU DON'T NEED ME HERE, AND I'VE GOT A CASE IN NIGHT TRAFFIC COURT AT GHOST TOWN!

I'LL ENTERTAIN HIM, SERGEANT!

HA! HA!



OH, JERRY-- TWO-GUN IS PRESIDENT OF THE GHOST TOWN LIARS CLUB! I JUST THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LIKE TO KNOW!

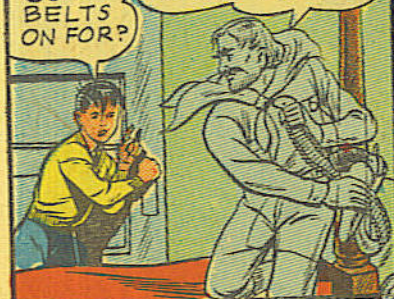
I SEE -- HA! HA! THANKS, SPOOK!



AS SOON AS SPOOK IS SAFELY AWAY, TWO-GUN GETS BUSY...

SAY, WHAT'RE YOU PUTTING YOUR GUN BELTS ON FOR?

OH, I'VE GOT A LITTLE JOB TO DO HERE IN THE WORLD!



BUT, GOSH-- SPOOK WILL BE AWFULLY MAD AT ME!

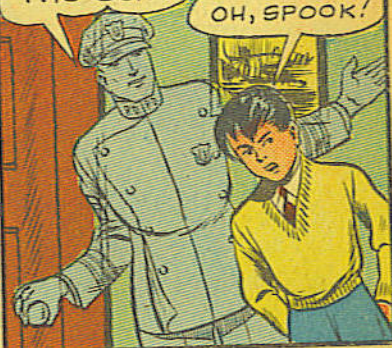
OH, DON'T RILE YOURSELF- I'LL BE BACK BEFORE HE IS!



BUT, WHEN SPOOK RETURNS...

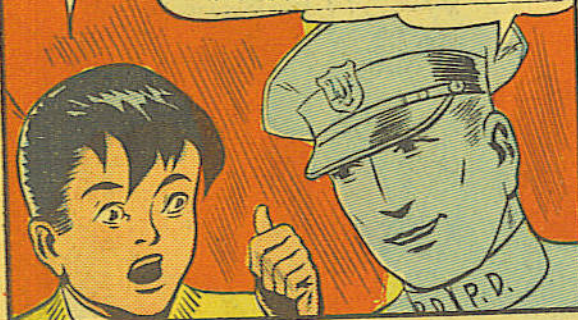
HELLO, JERRY -- YOU LOOK WORRIED. WHERE'S TWO-GUN?

OH, SPOOK!

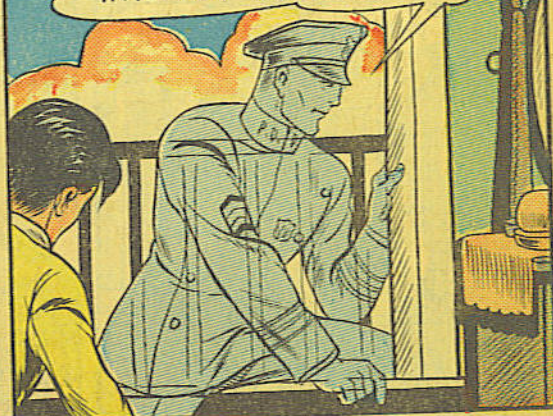


TWO-GUN LEFT -- HE SAID HE HAD A JOB TO DO!

HMM-- I WONDER IF ... HE'S BEEN TELLING A STORY IN GHOST TOWN ABOUT HIS GRANDSON GETTING MIXED UP WITH CROOKS! THE BOY WORKS IN A BANK.

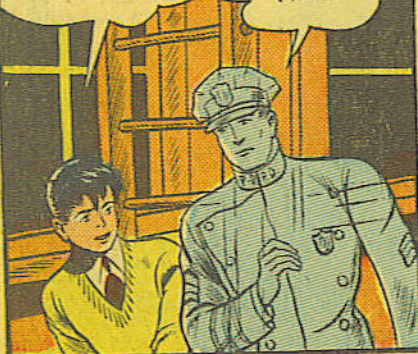


I THINK WE'D BETTER FIND TWO-GUN BEFORE HE GETS INTO ANY TROUBLE!



HE LEFT ABOUT AN HOUR AGO AND HEADED TOWARDS MAIN STREET!

AN HOUR? WHEW!! HE COULD UPSET THE WHOLE CITY IN THAT TIME!

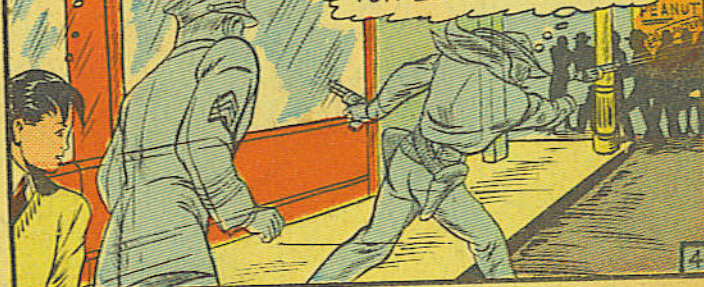


SPOOK AND JERRY HAVE LITTLE TROUBLE FINDING THE OLD WESTERNER, HOWEVER, ONCE THEY REACH MAIN STREET! FOR...

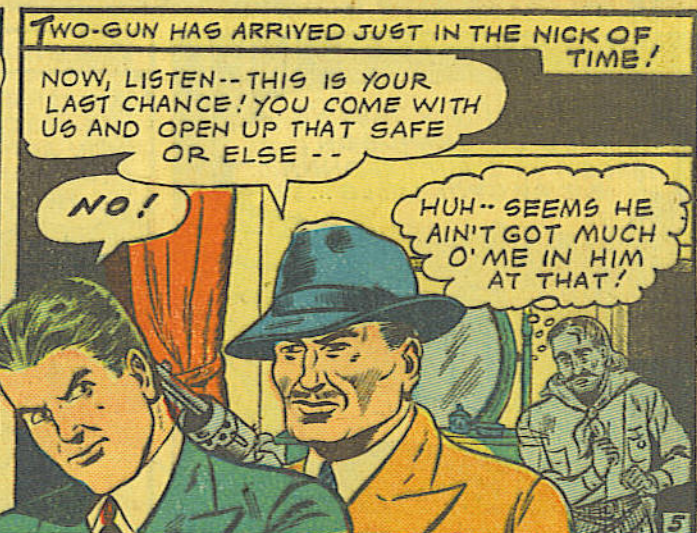
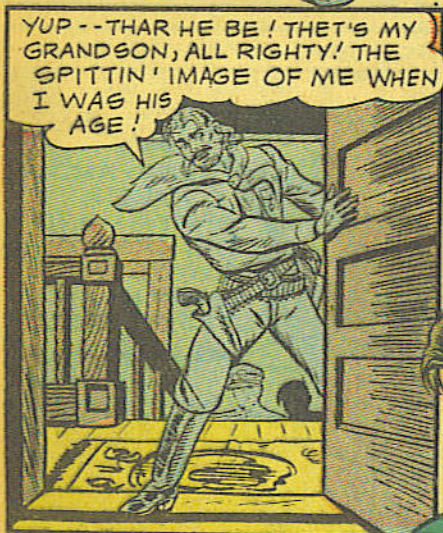
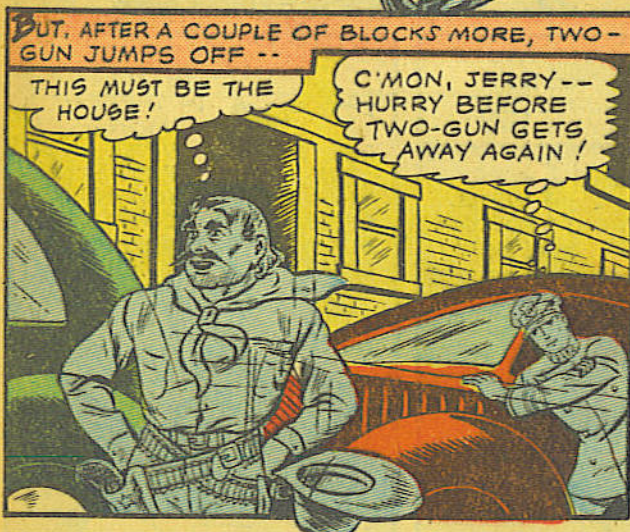
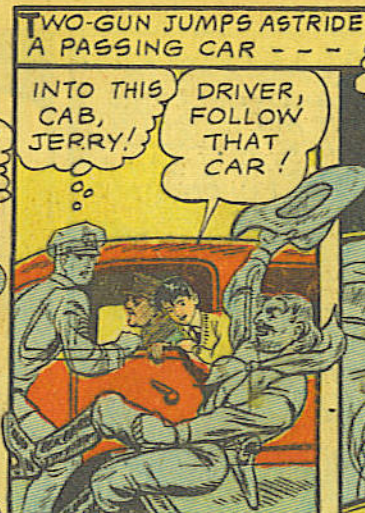
SPOOK! THERE HE IS! GOSH, HE'LL KILL SOMEONE!

NO -- HE'S ONLY SHOOTING GHOST BULLETS!

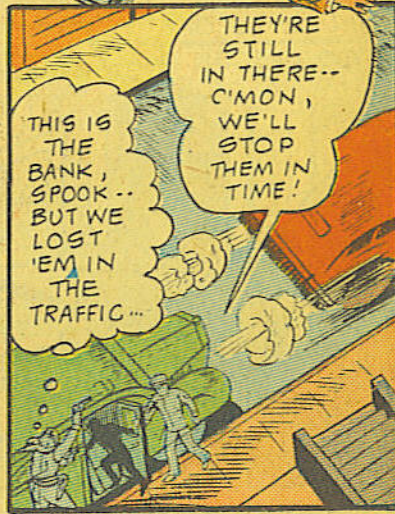
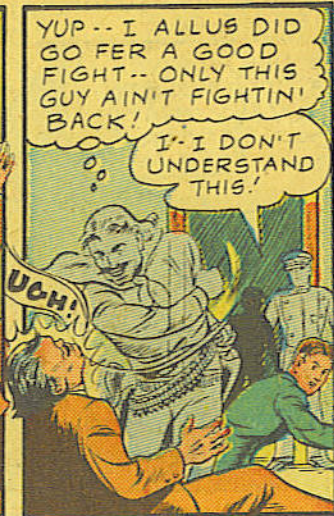
KEEP AWAY FROM ME-- I AIN'T AIMIN' TUB BE STAMPEDED!











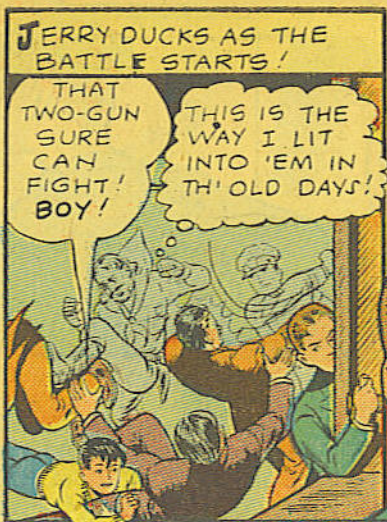




YOU CROOKS  
BETTER SURRENDER  
BEFORE I  
HURT YOU!

HA! HA!  
GET THE  
KID!

YOU  
TELL  
THEM,  
JERRY--  
NOW  
DUCK!



JERRY DUCKS AS THE  
BATTLE STARTS!

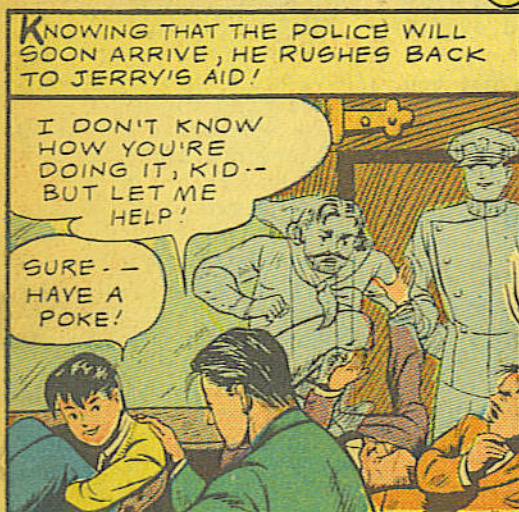
THAT  
TWO-GUN  
SURE  
CAN  
FIGHT!  
BOY!

THIS IS THE  
WAY I LIT  
INTO 'EM IN  
TH' OLD DAYS!



MEANWHILE, THE CAUSE  
OF THE DISTURBANCE  
HAS REACHED THE  
BURGLAR ALARM!

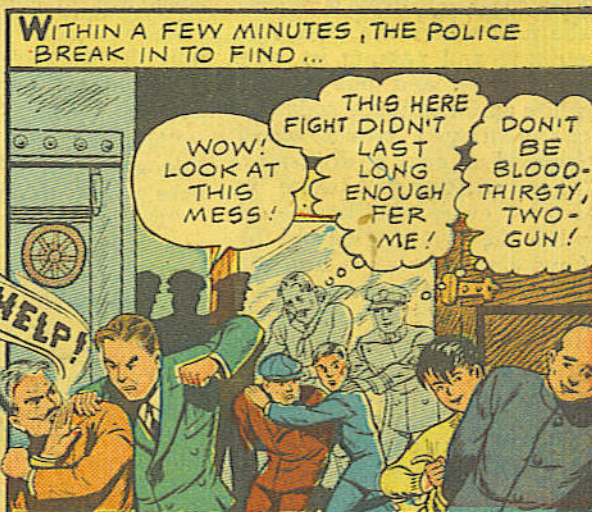
RING!  
RING!



KNOWING THAT THE POLICE WILL  
SOON ARRIVE, HE RUSHES BACK  
TO JERRY'S AID!

I DON'T KNOW  
HOW YOU'RE  
DOING IT, KID--  
BUT LET ME  
HELP!

SURE--  
HAVE A  
POKE!



WITHIN A FEW MINUTES, THE POLICE  
BREAK IN TO FIND...

WOW!  
LOOK AT  
THIS  
MESS!

THIS HERE  
FIGHT DIDN'T  
LAST  
LONG  
ENOUGH  
FER  
ME!

DON'T  
BE  
BLOOD-  
THIRSTY,  
TWO-  
GUN!

HELP!



WHAT I'D LIKE TO  
KNOW IS, HOW YOU  
TWO MANAGED TO  
ROUND UP THIS  
WHOLE GANG?

GOSH, WHAT  
ABOUT THAT,  
JERRY?

OH, I--  
IT WAS  
EASY!



I DON'T UNDERSTAND, JERRY, BUT  
I HAVE A HUNCH I SHOULDN'T  
ASK ANY QUESTIONS!

YOU CAN THANK  
OLD TWO-GUN  
JACK-- AN  
ANCESTOR  
OF YOURS!

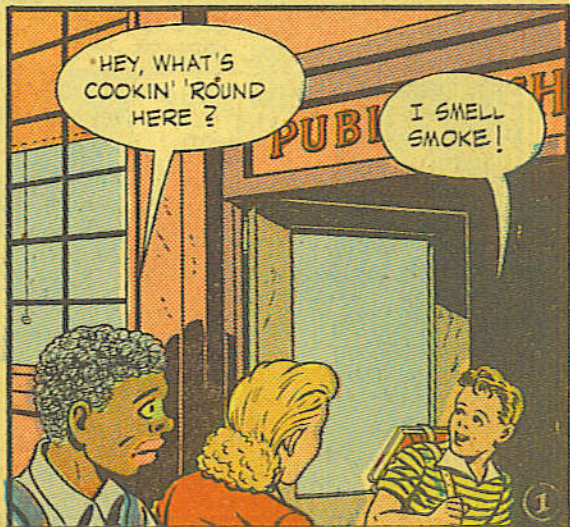
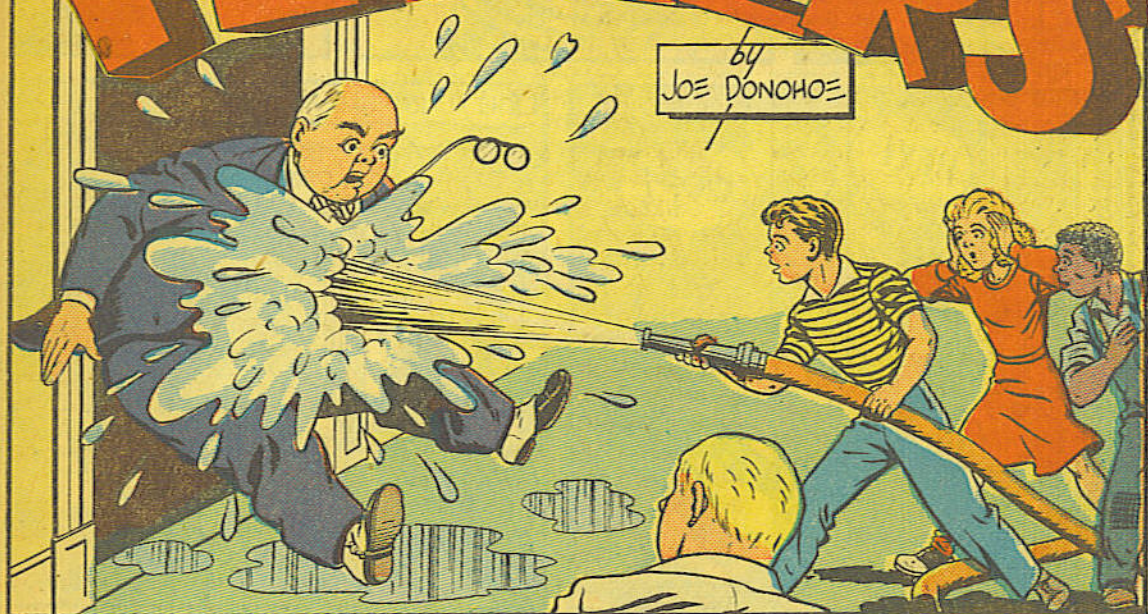
NOW, JERRY,  
I AIN'T  
LOOKIN' FOR  
ANY THANKS--  
BEST TIME  
I'VE HAD IN  
YEARS!

THE END.



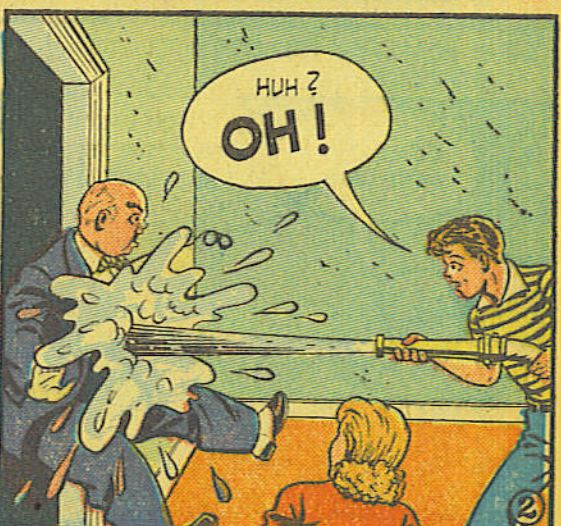
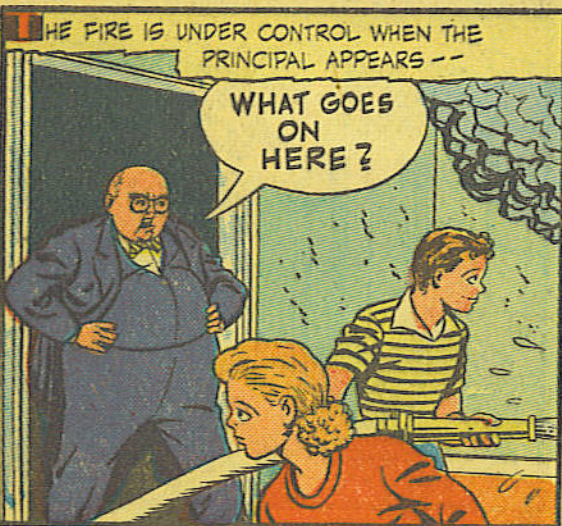
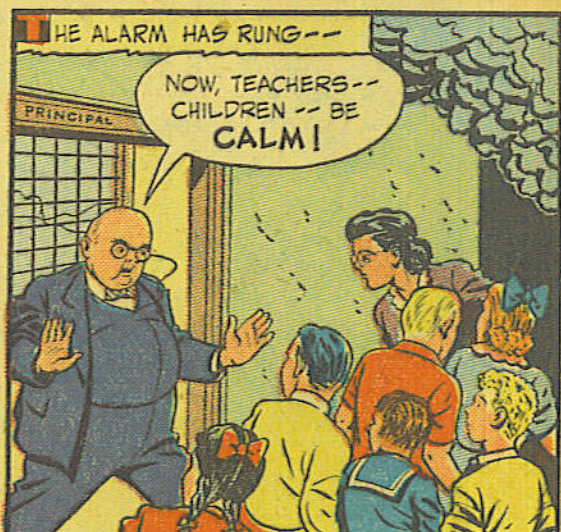
# FEARLESS FELLERS

by  
JOE DONOHUE

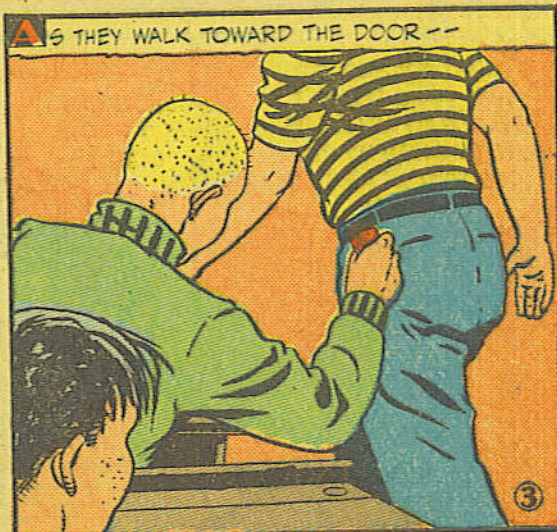
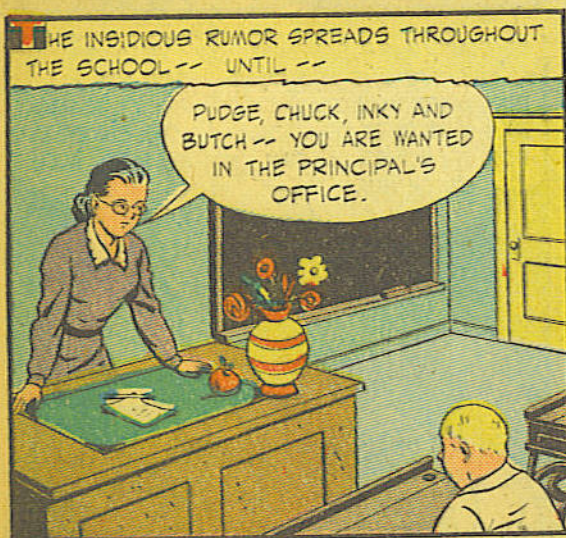
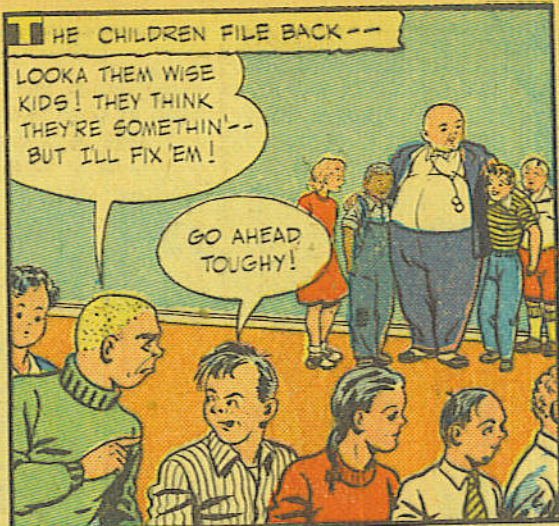
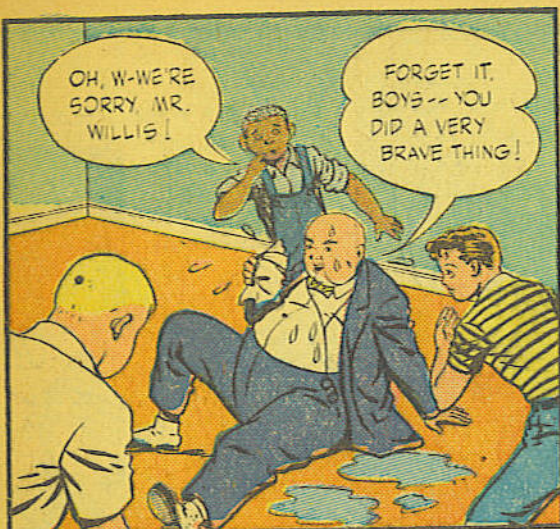


BUY WAR BONDS---THAT'S OUR TIP  
TO HELP DEFEAT THE WILY NIP





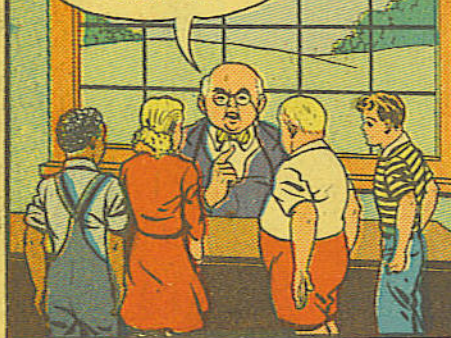






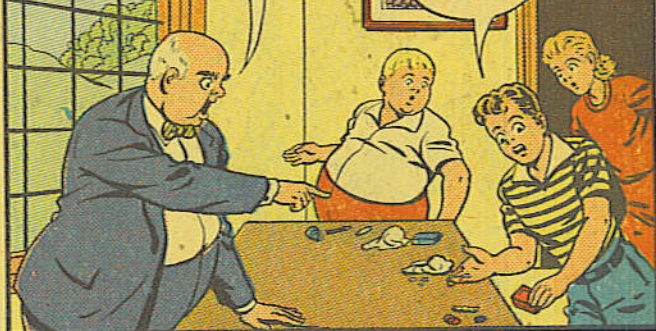
AT THE PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE --

YOU CHILDREN MAY BE IN SERIOUS TROUBLE. YOU'D BETTER TELL ME THE TRUTH. FIRST, EMPTY YOUR POCKETS.



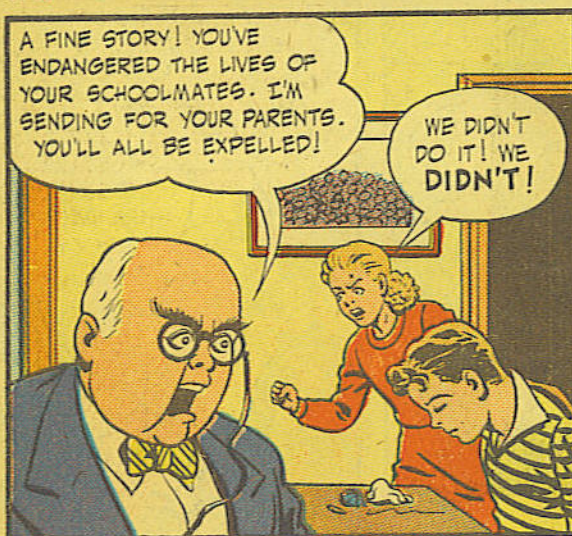
MATCHES! SO! JUST AS I THOUGHT! YOU DID START THE FIRE!

I NEVER SAW THESE MATCHES IN MY LIFE!



A FINE STORY! YOU'VE ENDANGERED THE LIVES OF YOUR SCHOOLMATES. I'M SENDING FOR YOUR PARENTS. YOU'LL ALL BE EXPELLED!

WE DIDN'T DO IT! WE DIDN'T!



INKY, WHERE DID YOU GET THAT KNIFE?

I FOUND IT DOWN IN THAT CLOSET --



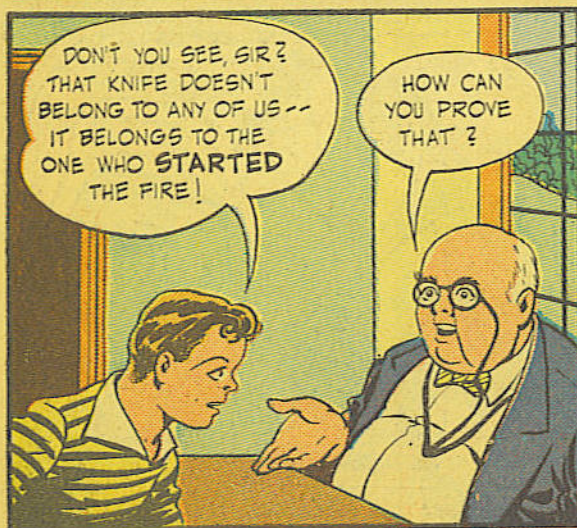
MR. WILLIS, PLEASE GIVE US A CHANCE -- LOOK, THIS ISN'T INKY'S KNIFE. HE FOUND IT IN THAT CLOSET!

WELL, WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?



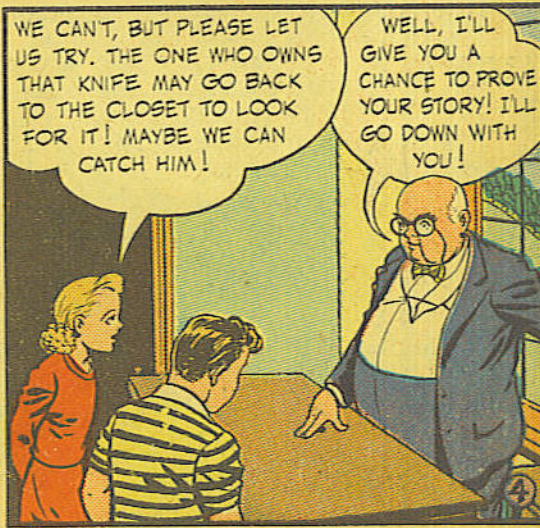
DON'T YOU SEE, SIR? THAT KNIFE DOESN'T BELONG TO ANY OF US -- IT BELONGS TO THE ONE WHO STARTED THE FIRE!

HOW CAN YOU PROVE THAT?

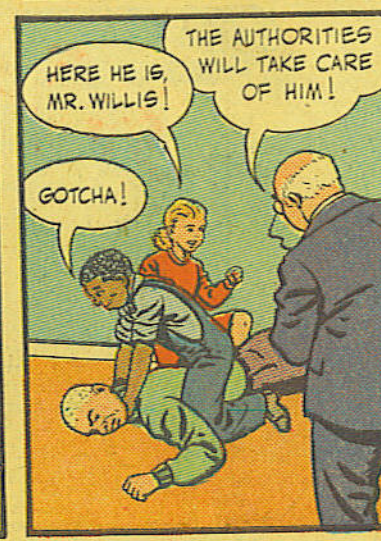
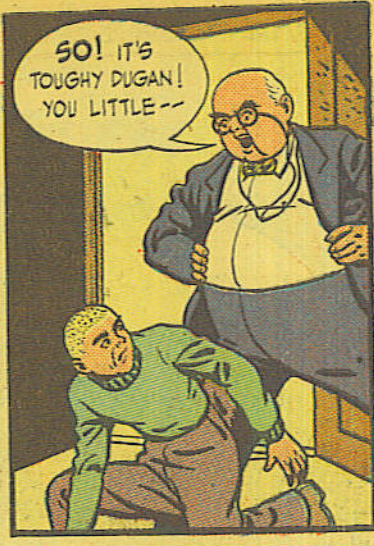


WE CAN'T, BUT PLEASE LET US TRY. THE ONE WHO OWNS THAT KNIFE MAY GO BACK TO THE CLOSET TO LOOK FOR IT! MAYBE WE CAN CATCH HIM!

WELL, I'LL GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO PROVE YOUR STORY! I'LL GO DOWN WITH YOU!









# OLD CAP HAWKINS' TRUE TALES

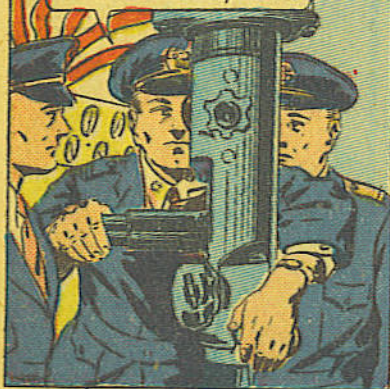


OUR NAVY HAS A REGIMENT OF IRON MEN FIGHTING FOR US. THEY'RE OUR SUBMARINES, JOEY! THESE UNDERSEAS FIGHTERS HAVE NOSED INTO ENEMY HARBORS, PERFORMING THE MOST DARING FEATS OF NAVAL HISTORY.

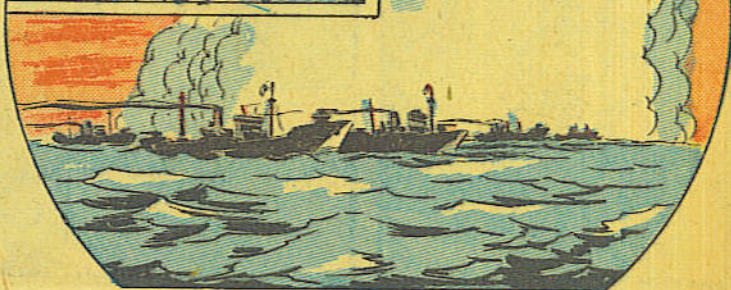


THE FAMED SUBMARINE "THE FLYING FISH" WAS RAIDING PACIFIC WATERS WHEN....

WE'RE NEARING A JAP BASE, AND TAKE A LOOK AT WHAT I SEE, MEN!



JAP SHIPPING!..... THOSE SHIPS MUST BE LOADED DOWN WITH MUNITIONS. WE'VE GOT TO GET THEM!



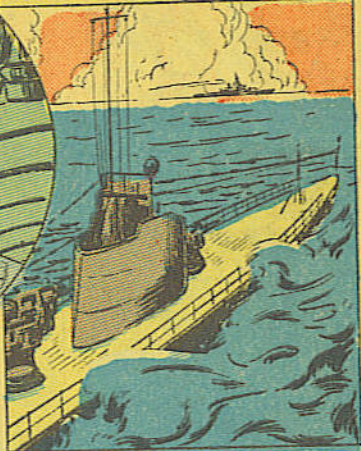
**Q** QUESTION No. 17. When firing a torpedo must a sub's nose be pointed at target?





TAKE HER DOWN!

INSTANTLY, ALL HATCHES WERE CLOSED, AND....



IN A MOMENT TORPEDOS SPEEDED TO THEIR OBJECTIVES, AND....



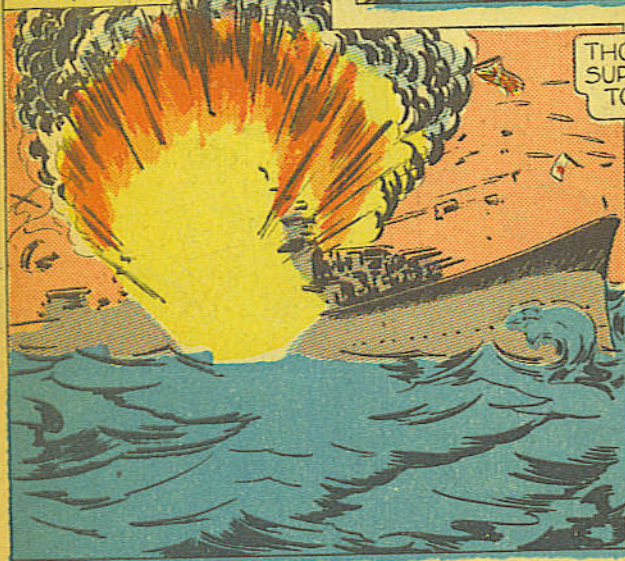
PREPARE TUBES FOR TORPEDO ENTRANCE!

TOJO, HERE WE COME....

THIS IS FOR THE JAP

BANZA!

HELLO TO TOJO



THOSE JAP SHIPS SURE WENT DOWN TO DAVEY JONES!

OUR NEXT STEP IS....

CHIEF, THE RADIO OPERATOR SAYS TO COME AT ONCE!



THE SOUND WAVES SHOW A BIG DESTROYER, ABOUT 500 YARDS AWAY AND COMING CLOSER...

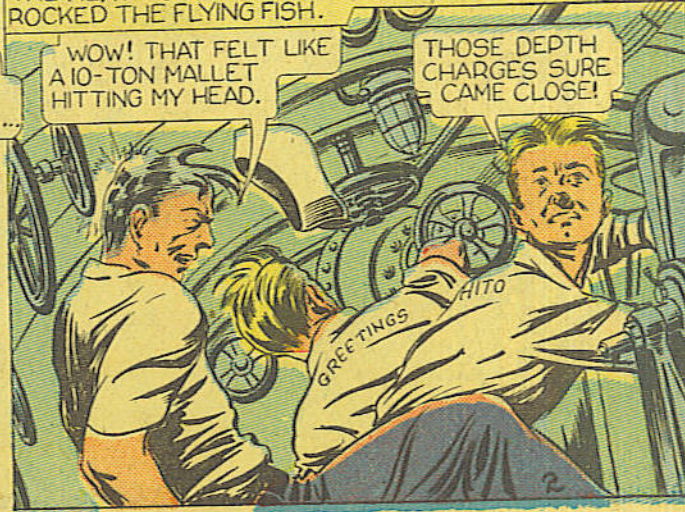
IT MUST BE JAP... SHE'S PICKED UP OUR SOUND....



THE NEXT MOMENT A BARRAGE OF DEPTH CHARGES ROCKED THE FLYING FISH.

WOW! THAT FELT LIKE A 10-TON Mallet HITTING MY HEAD.

THOSE DEPTH CHARGES SURE CAME CLOSE!



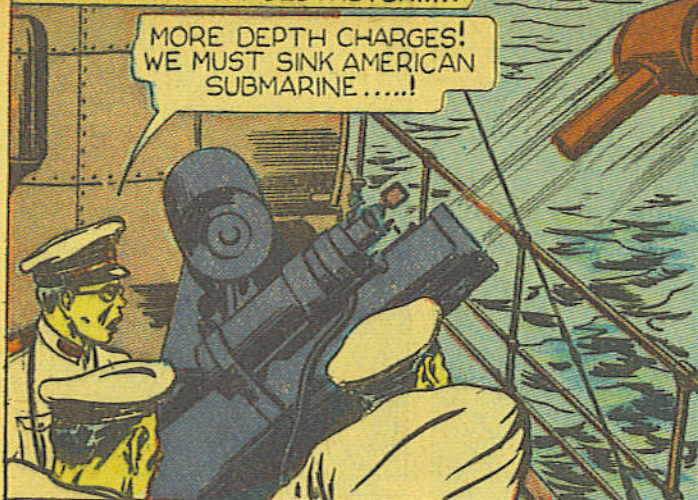
GREETINGS

HI TO



WHILE ON THE JAP DESTROYER.....

MORE DEPTH CHARGES!  
WE MUST SINK AMERICAN  
SUBMARINE.....!



MORE AND MORE OF THE  
DEADLY MISSILES...!

THE ENGINE ROOMS  
LEAKING BADLY,  
COMMANDER! WE  
CAN'T TAKE MUCH  
MORE DAMAGE!

THERE'S  
ONLY ONE  
WAY TO  
GET OUT  
OF THIS..



WE'LL HAVE TO FIRST  
MANEUVER OUR WAY OUT  
OF THE DESTROYER'S  
PATH, IF WE CAN.....IS  
THE DESTROYER  
AHEAD OF US YET?

ABOUT  
50 YARDS...

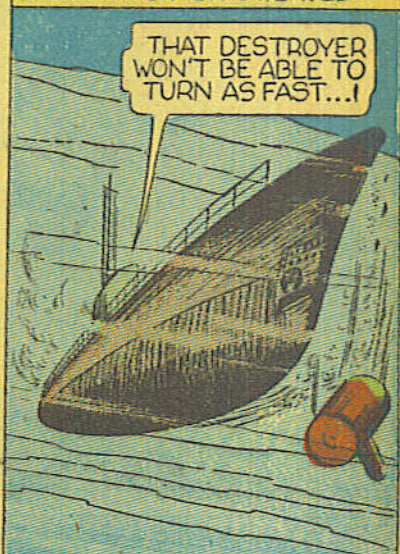


STAND BY TO  
TURN ABOUT  
AND SURFACE!



THE FLYING FISH SWERVED -

THAT DESTROYER  
WON'T BE ABLE TO  
TURN AS FAST...!



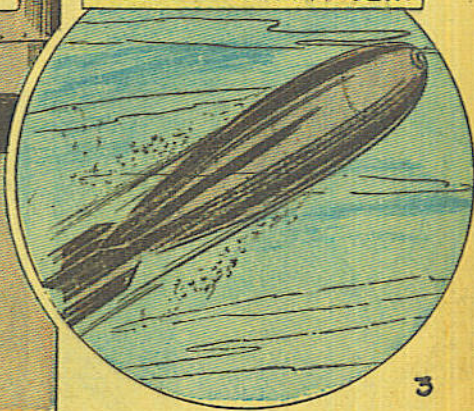
THEN SPEEDILY THE SHIP NOSED UP-

LOOK!.. SHE  
RISES TO SURFACE!

AMERICANS ARE FOOLS!  
GET READY TO FIRE -  
MOMENT SHE IS UP!  
FIRE ALL ROUNDS!



BUT AS THE JAPS WERE  
FINDING THEIR RANGE...





SURFACING GOT US AWAY FROM THE DEPTH CHARGES. IT WAS OUR ONLY CHANCE.

BANZAI!

NOW TO GIVE THE NIPS A TASTE OF WHAT INVASION IS LIKE! STRAIGHT AHEAD!

THERE'S AN AMMUNITION DUMP, START SHELLING!

AND AS THE FLYING FISH NEARLY HUGGED THE SHORE, ITS BIG GUNS BOOMED!

THEY DON'T KNOW WHAT HIT THEM!

THOSE SONS OF HEAVEN MUST WISH THEY'D NEVER BEEN BORN!... IT'S SOME SIGHT THROUGH THESE GLASSES.

AFTER AN HOUR OF BLASTING THE SHORE, THE GALLANT FLYING FISH HEADED FOR HOME, STILL SINKING ENEMY SHIPS... BY THE TIME SHE REACHED HER BASE.....

WE GOT 11 OF TOUO'S IMPERIAL NAVY!

HURRAY! BANZAI!... TOKYO HERE WE COME!